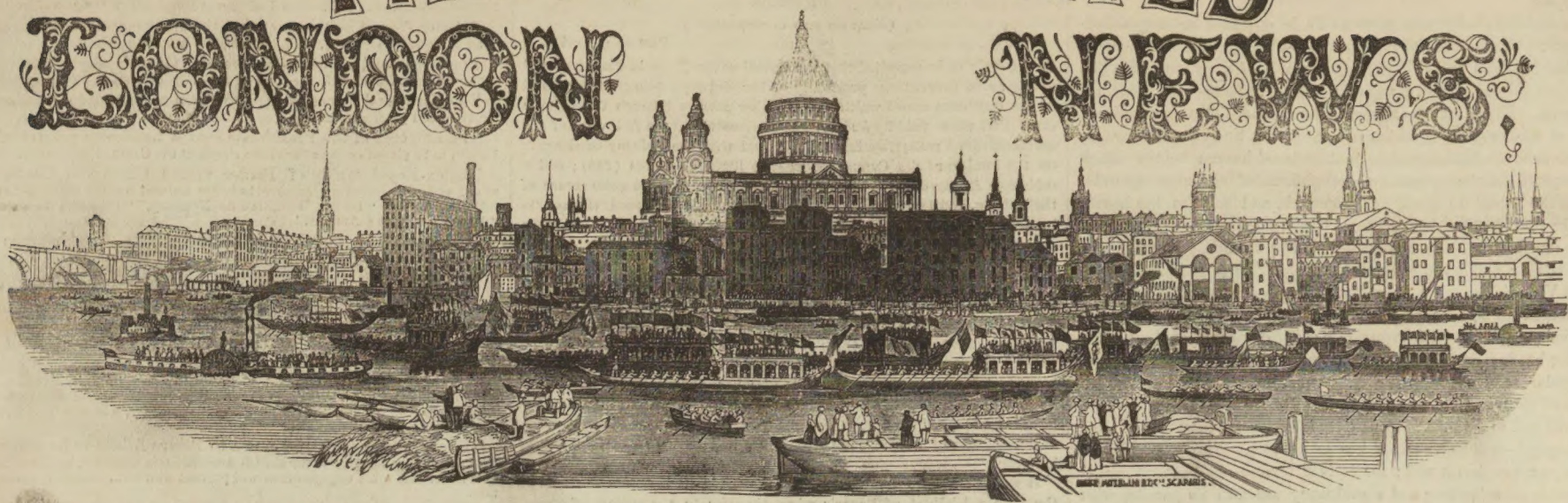


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THE QUEEN IN PARIS.—THE HOLY ALLIANCE OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

We this day record and illustrate the great event of the week, and of the age—the auspicious visit of her Majesty to the Imperial Court and the people of France.

The world has heard of "holy alliances" which were not holy. The present alliance between the people of Great Britain and France, of which the latest as well as the most magnificent proof is the reception of Queen Victoria in Paris—may claim the high designation with greater justice than any compact ever yet formed by Kings or nations. Its objects are entirely unselfish. No vision of glory to be won, of territory to be acquired, of influence to be extended, swayed the councils or inspired the resolutions of either nation when it reluctantly took arms to repel the ruthless and all-grasping ambition of the late Czar Nicholas. No such idea has possession of either of them at the present moment. Glory they will each obtain; but it will be the glory of success in a wise and generous policy; and when glory is no longer to be acquired by such means, Civilisation will have yielded itself a prey to all-conquering Barbarism, and mankind will have retrograded into a darker night than that of the Dark Ages.

But holy as the alliance must be considered, the events of the present week have proved it to be no less hearty than holy—no less affectionate in itself than just and noble in its objects. The Queen's visit to Paris has realised the dream of the first Napoleon, who saw in a firm alliance with the England, which then scorned his

pretensions and defied his power, the only security for the peace and welfare of Europe. The wish, though not gratified in his own person, has received its fulfilment in that of his successor—a man as great in his peculiar career as his immortal predecessor was in one wholly different. England and France are united both by the courtesies and the friendships of their respective Sovereigns, and by the sentiment and the reason of the two nations themselves. Henceforth, or as long as that alliance shall last, the first place in the world is theirs. Russian ambition has received a check from which it will not recover in our day, if ever; and European Civilisation and Freedom know where to look for protection against invading Barbarism and Serfdom;—for protection that will not fail;—and for strength and resources in the hour of need sufficient to defy and overpower the combined forces of all possible opponents. The reports of each successive day show that all the splendour and enthusiasm which were predicted by those who best knew the French and the English character have been exceeded by the reality. Each day offered a new ovation all the more gratifying to the illustrious and beloved lady who was its immediate object for being offered, not to her alone, but to the great nation of whose system of government she is at once the highest emblem and the most graceful ornament. It is easy to command and to procure a certain amount of popular applause. The multitudes in all nations, civilised or barbarous, are fond of show, and love to look upon the representatives and depositaries of power, and shout after them with hurrahs and acclamations. But enthusiasm of this surface kind soon exhausts itself. Real enthusiasm is not excited

by the presence of Emperors or Czars, Kings or Queens, who have not known how to cultivate the esteem and gain the affections of their people. Neither love nor loyalty is to be obtained by order, or to be purchased by money. The popular instinct is unerring, and the heart of every great and free people is invariably sound. When the great Nicholas visited England, with treachery in his thoughts, the people—who knew nothing of his treachery, but who knew that he was a selfish and a cruel despot—could not be induced to give him a hearty welcome. If his Imperial presence excited some admiration, it excited no affection. Far different was it when Napoleon III. came to London. The man and the principle were before the people; and to the man and to the principle they gave the spontaneous homage of as generous and warm a welcome as ever was bestowed upon a man or a Sovereign. So it is in the case of Queen Victoria's visit to Paris. The enthusiasm among the French has been universal. The Emperor's right to the throne, though affirmed by the universal suffrage of the people, is not altogether uncontested. There are attached friends of the older dynasty of the Bourbons still surviving, though not in great numbers; there are adherents of the house of Orleans—though so mean-minded a King as Louis Philippe scarcely deserved to be remembered by such respectable people as still see in the restoration of his dynasty a hope for France; and there are enthusiastic Republicans, who cling to a theory with all the fanaticism which theories of Religion and Government are so apt to inspire, even in the face of insurmountable and opposing facts;—but all of these have been drawn into the great current of the popular



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO PARIS.—WAITING THE ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY AT THE BOULOGNE RAILWAY STATION.—(SEE PAGE 242.)



feeling, and share in the triumph of Napoleon III. with as much good-will and cordiality as if it were the triumph of their own principles.

Queen Victoria has not gone to Paris unarmed or unguarded. Though no troops have accompanied her—though she is almost alone, with her husband and children, on the soil of a nation which has been often the enemy and always the rival of her own—she is not unprotected. Every man in France is her friend. That magnificent array of soldiers and of National Guards that lined the Boulevards on her arrival—that countless multitude of human beings which congregated in the splendid thoroughfares of the most splendid city in the world to greet her approach, and re-echo the hearty hurrahs that they had learned from Englishmen as the most appropriate music of the occasion—were all her friends and guardians, and formed a portion of her state. Nothing like it was ever known. Queen Victoria has made many Royal progresses. She has been long accustomed to the roar of applause, to the exuberant expression of loyalty, and to the happy faces of delighted and grateful crowds; but in no previous progress, and at no former manifestation of popular rejoicing has she been received with so much enthusiasm as that which has tracked her footsteps since she set foot upon the soil of France. Perhaps her life—and may it be long and happy!—will never afford her such another ovation. We can scarcely expect that it will; for it is not probable that an event so great in its splendour and significance will find its parallel with the same individuals as actors in it.

Her Majesty's subjects can but express their loyalty and affection—their admiration of her public no less than of her private character—their respect for her as a woman, a wife, and a mother, and their steady attachment to her as a Sovereign. Opportunities for the expression of such sentiments are continually afforded them, and, whether expressed or not, underlie the whole current of the national mind; but the citizens of a foreign State—while participating in all these feelings—can feel and express so nothing more. The French not only see in the Queen of England an interesting woman, who appeals to their feelings and their gallantry by coming among them with her husband and children; not only the descendant of a long line of illustrious ancestors, and a wise Monarch, who governs a great, a contented, and a prosperous people; but they see in her the ally of their own country—united with their own Sovereign and themselves in defence of the holiest rights of humanity. She has gone among them, not only as the messenger of Peace and the representative of Civilisation, but as the harbinger of Victory. Her very name is of happy omen. Already the signal defeat on the Tchernaya of the desperate effort of Prince Gortschakoff to turn the flank of the Allies and relieve the doomed fortress of Sebastopol, has lent to her triumphal progress through the streets of Paris the moral brilliancy derived from hope and exultation. Such feelings inspired the minds of all spectators, and added to the popular enthusiasm the foretaste of a still greater, if not a final, victory. The same feeling animates the people of England; and the wonder among all classes seems, not that they and the French should be such friends and allies, but that they should ever have been foes. But the days of their enmity are past; and it will be their task to extend the blessings of the happy peace which subsists between themselves to the whole of Europe;—to attract other nations to their alliance, and, when the sword has done its work, to make even Russia herself sue for admission into the great Commonwealth of Europe, and submit to the same laws and the same restraints as those other and more peaceful States, which are now engaged in the inconvenient but necessary task of restraining and punishing her ambition.

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

GEORGE MONTAGU, sixth Duke and Earl of Manchester, Viscount Mandeville and Baron Montagu, of Kimbolton, in the Peerage of Great Britain, was the eldest son of William the fifth Duke, by his wife, the Lady Susan Gordon, third daughter of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon. He was born the 9th of July, 1799. He married twice; first, the 8th of October, 1822, Millicent, only daughter and heiress of the late General Robert Bernard Sparrow and his wife, the present Lady Olivia Sparrow, by whom he leaves issue two sons and a daughter, namely:—Viscount Mandeville, M.P. (now the seventh Duke); Lord Robert Montagu, and Lady Olivia, married to Lord Ossulston, M.P. His Grace married, secondly, the 29th August, 1850, Harriet Sydney, daughter of Conway R. Dobbs, Esq., of Castle Dobbs, in the county of Armagh, by whom the noble Duke has had a son and daughter. George, sixth Duke of Manchester, entered the Navy in early life, obtained his Lieutenantcy the 20th of November, 1818, and was made Commander in July, 1822, which rank he held on the reserve list at his death. In 1826 he was elected a member of the House of Commons for Huntingdonshire, which county he represented in the several successive Parliaments up to 1837, and throughout was a consistent Conservative, voting against the Reform Bill, the Municipal Corporation Act, and the Irish Tithe Bill. His Grace was a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Armagh. He inherited the family honours on the death of his father, the 18th of March, 1843. His own demise, after a long and painful illness, occurred at Tunbridge Wells on the 18th inst. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Viscount Mandeville, M.P., who was born the 15th of October, 1823, and married in 1852 the Countess Louise D'Alton; was some time, in the Grenadier Guards; and from 1843 to 1846 was Aide-de-Camp to General Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. He retired from the Army in 1850.

VISCOUNT HEREFORD.

THE Rev. Robert Devereux, fifteenth Viscount Hereford in the peerage of England, and a Baronet, Premier Viscount of England, was the eldest surviving son of Henry, the fourteenth Viscount, by his wife, Frances Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Sir George Cornwell, Bart. He was born the 3rd of May, 1802, and married in 1841 Emma Jemima, daughter of the late George Ravenscroft, Esq., by whom he leaves issue three sons and two daughters. His Lordship succeeded to the ancient viscounty on the death of his father, the 31st of May, 1843. He was educated at Downing College, Cambridge; was in holy orders, and was Rector of Little Hereford. The Viscount died on the 18th inst., at his residence in Wilton-crescent: he is succeeded by his eldest son, Robert, now the sixteenth Viscount, a youth twelve years of age.

WILLS, PERSONALTY, AND BEQUESTS.—The will of the Rev. John James Blunt, B.D. of Cambridge, the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, was proved under £20,000; Major-General William Henry Cornwall, £25,000; George Coates, Esq., Springfield, £70,000; Mrs. Mary Ann Clark, of Norwood, £70,000; Thomas Fussell, Esq., Warbury House, Somerset, £60,000; W. Selwyn, Esq., Richmond, £45,000; James Smith Ley, Esq., Durrant House, Devon, £20,000; Frederick Alder, Esq., Brompton, £18,000, and has bequeathed to the Licensed Victuallers' School and Asylum £500 to each, St. George's and St. Mary's Hospitals £500 to each, and to the Chelsea Benevolent Institution £120.

ARTISTS IN BRONZE.—Some workmen in a Paris bronze factory lately combined to strike work if the master continued to use charcoal-powder instead of meal for keeping the melted bronze free from adhesion to the mould. It is thought by some that the charcoal-powder is injurious to the lungs, while others think that the meal injures the shape of the article. The workmen have been sentenced to imprisonment, some for two years, others for less. The case is one of a very delicate nature, involving, as it does, a difference between masters and men on such a cardinal point as the health of the labourer.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.

It is greatly to be regretted that the arrival of the Queen in Paris occurred so late as to prevent the possibility of her Majesty's being distinguished by the enormous crowd waiting to greet her passage through Paris. The sums that were paid by *les curieux* anxious to have a full view of the spectacle sound really fabulous. It is said that the balcony of Giroux, on the Boulevard des Capucines, was let for 2000 francs (£250); and a *cabinet de Restaurant* for 600 francs (£24). In order to be quite secure of their places, and to avoid the crowd, many persons stationed themselves in the windows they had hired, early in the afternoon, some even sooner, and remained till past eight o'clock, the hour at which the cortege passed, when it was already so dusk that nothing was distinguishable. Nothing, however, could exceed the enthusiasm that marked the passage of the Royal guests; on all sides natives and foreigners, vied in the cordiality of their welcome; and the gracious and graceful acknowledgments of the Queen to all the homage paid her, from the moment of her landing in France, has produced the warmest impression of personal regard for her Majesty. As usual, 'the Queen's weather' gives double éclat to all the festivities arranged in her honour, and enables her to enjoy, and to see to the fullest advantage, the various objects of interest and curiosity she will have to examine during her stay.

It was at one time feared that the presence in Paris at this moment of the Prince Adalbert of Bavaria might give rise to a question of precedence between himself and Prince Albert, which would be delicate and difficult to solve. The resolve, however, of the former to preserve his incognito—a determination which, it is believed, he made expressly to avoid this question—has removed all uneasiness on the subject.

Extreme regret has been caused by the death of the excellent Bishop of Nismes, who expired after two years of intense sufferings, angelically endured, of internal cancer.

All the medical reports state that never has the public health been in a more satisfactory condition than at present—a circumstance the more surprising from the fact of the immense temporary increase of the population in the capital. Half the beds in the various hospitals are vacant, and the list of deaths is unusually short. A few isolated cases of cholera have appeared in one or two of the departments; but even these occurred some time since.

General Canrobert arrived the end of last week in Paris, having received a particular order from the Emperor to seek a temporary repose from the fatigues of his severe and arduous campaign. Wherever the General passed on his homeward journey he was greeted with lively demonstrations of regard and consideration; and on his arrival at Paris was most warmly received by the Emperor, who has conferred on him the distinction of Senator.

The artistic world has had a serious loss in the person of Henri Valentin, whose masterly and graceful drawing placed him high on the list of illustrators—that *specialité*, at the head of which stands Gavarni, to whose style Valentin's bore a resemblance, without being an imitation. Valentin, the son of an old Waterloo soldier, came to Paris at twenty, without money, friends, or protection. By means of his talents and incessant labour, he found the means not merely of supplying his own wants, but of securing comfort to his family. The fatigues he underwent in the accomplishment of his object proved, however, too severe for his strength. After a cruel illness he expired at the early age of thirty-six, at Strasbourg, where, in the early part of his malady, he had retired, in the hope that a period of rest, passed with his father and family, would restore him and enable him to resume his labours.

Jean Baptiste Erard, the head of the great *fabricque* of pianos, also expired last week, at his suburban villa, La Muette, near Passy. His funeral took place on Monday, and was most numerously attended.

A special commission has been organised by the Prince Napoleon for the purpose of selecting, among the various productions in the Exhibition Universelle, such as, from their utility and cheapness, may be with the most profit introduced into general use. As soon as these objects have been duly examined and approved, they will be united in a certain place appointed. The Commission will propose that prizes shall be awarded to the inventors; and will, moreover, take upon itself to recommend and bring them into general favour and employment. There is even a question of taking off, or greatly reducing, the duties on such of these articles as may be of foreign manufacture; this matter, however, remains yet to be pronounced upon. It appears that England, Belgium, and Austria will be among the nations that will contribute most largely to this collection.

A report is afloat that affairs are in train to bring into the Imperial family of France an Archduchess of Austria.

The Cirque, in imitation of the Porte St. Martin, has brought out a piece in fifteen tableaux, by MM. Théodore, Barrière, and Henri de Flock, entitled, "L'Histoire de Paris." The work is extremely defective in construction, wanting sequence and connection, and being in many parts obscure and difficult of comprehension; but it contains some highly effective scenes. As a whole, however, it can hardly be regarded but as a failure, more especially when brought, as it must inevitably be, in comparison with the "Paris" of the Porte St. Martin.

AMERICA.

The mail-steamer *Atlantic*, which left New York on the 8th inst., arrived at Liverpool on Sunday.

Despatches from Washington announce the removal from office of Rush Elmore, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas Territory, and the appointment of Judge Moore, of Alabama, as his successor. The reasons for this removal are the same as those given in the case of Governor Reeder, namely, unsatisfactory explanations relative to the charges of speculations in lands.

A very serious conflict between American citizens and foreigners took place at Louisville on the morning of the 7th, during which some twenty persons were shot, and twelve buildings were destroyed by fire, many persons, it is stated, perishing in the flames. After some time the military succeeded in restoring order. The cause of the outbreak is ascribed to electioneering quarrels.

Colonel Kinney arrived at San Juan on the 16th ult., with twenty-four men. Colonel Walker was at Leon, and it is stated that, having become disgusted with the treachery of his allies, he contemplated joining the Government party.

Files of papers from Nicaragua and Costa Rica, the former up to the 14th July and the latter to the 21st, stated that the insurrectionary or democratic movement in Nicaragua was in a state of disruption, and that many of the chiefs had crossed the frontier into Costa Rica.

The steamer *Northern Light* had arrived at New York from San Juan, with dates from California (San Francisco) to the 16th of July, and 941,000 dollars in specie. Another steamer left at the same time with about an equal amount of treasure. The advices are favourable for money and trade, and the accounts from the mines are very encouraging.

The dates from Mexico are to the 19th ult. Santa Anna had, of his own accord, proposed the formation and inauguration of a new constitution, in a circular addressed to the governors of the different departments and provinces.

A MOVING BOG.—Last week a portion of bog, the property of Lord Norbury, at Clonkelly, began to move after a lapse of seventy years. From the great quantity of rain that had fallen for several days past in the neighbourhood the bog began to float, and the water, not having any vent, lifted the upper crust fairly up. When the water burst it floated away a large portion of it, consisting of from three to four acres, to a distance of forty or fifty yards, and carrying on its surface the bog, doing considerable damage to property. Fortunately no life was lost, as this strange circumstance occurred early in the morning before the people were at work on the bog.

EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert has consented to lay the foundation-stone of the Midland Institute at Birmingham early in November.

A letter from Vienna states that the Empress of Austria is again in an interesting situation, giving hopes of an heir to the Throne.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, as the Queen's representative, is to invest Omer Pacha with the order of the Knight Grand Cross of the Bath.

The King and Queen of Prussia were to return to Potsdam on the 18th, and proceed to Königsberg on the 25th with a numerous suite.

The Emperor of the French has sent a handsome picture of the Virgin, to be placed on the altar of the chapel at the Camp of Santhony.

The ex-Royal family of France visited Carnarvon Castle last week, and the following autographs were entered in the visiting-book:—"Marie Amélie," "Duc et Duchesse de Nemours," "Princesse de Salerne," "Duc et Duchesse d'Aumale."

It is said that a marriage is about to take place between the Princess Louise, daughter of the Prince of Prussia, and the Prince Regent of Baden.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint Sir Richard Pakenham, K.C.B., to proceed to Lisbon on a special mission, to convey to the King the Queen's congratulations on his attaining his majority.

The Queen of Spain will remain at the Escorial until the middle of September.

A few days ago the mother of the Empress of the French, the Countess Montijo, and the sister of the Empress (the Duchess of Alba) dined at the residence of Gudin, the celebrated marine painter, where several diplomats and artists were assembled.

In reply to the invitation given to Prince Albert to be present at the approaching meeting of the British Association in Glasgow, his Royal Highness states that other engagements will prevent him from accepting the invitation.

The sons of the brothers and sisters of the Emperor Napoleon I. who do not form part of the Imperial family, are to add the titles of "Prince" and "Highness" to their family names—viz., his Highness Prince Charles Bonaparte, his Highness Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, his Highness Prince Pierre Bonaparte, his Highness Prince Antoine Bonaparte, his Highness Prince Lucien Murat.

The Duke of Newcastle has had an attack of illness in the Camp, but was considerably better by the last accounts.

It is said that M. Lucien Bonaparte, son of the Prince de Canino, is to be made a Cardinal at the next Consistory.

Lord Panmure is the Secretary of State selected to remain in London during the absence of the other three Secretaries of State from the metropolis. The noble Lord is also required to remain in town from the pressure of business in his department.

The Dowager Queen of Saxony has arrived in Litzburg, from whence she will set out for Ischl.

Lord John Russell has purchased Hill House, Rodborough, near Stroud, until lately the seat of Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., and intends making it his country residence. "By some," says the *Glasgow Journal*, "political motives are attributed to the noble Lord in fixing his residence at Stroud. It will be remembered that he sat in Parliament for the borough from 1835 till 1841."

The furnishing of the new mansion at Balmoral is being proceeded with in a most expeditious manner; and an intimation has been received that her Majesty will arrive early in September.

Earl Stanhope has become the purchaser of Mr. Dennistoun's handsome mansion in Grosvenor-place; and Mr. Jones (of Pantglas), M.P., has bought the one lately vacated by Viscount Eusefield, in Eaton-square.

The pleasure-yacht of Lord John Scott has arrived off Berwick direct from the Baltic, where she had been cruising for six weeks, mingling with the combined fleets of the Allies, and passing the forts of Sveaborg and Cronstadt.

"If all Europe is at Paris," says a letter of the 15th, from Baden, "all the Parisians are upon the Rhine. Never have Ems, Wiesbaden, Hamburg, and Baden received more visitors. As many as 23,000 visitors have passed through this city during the last two years."

The Queen has been pleased to approve of Mr. Frederick John Scott as Consul in the Island of Trinidad, for the Queen of Spain.

Amongst the victims to cholera at Florence is the Princess Poniatowsky. So great has been the mortality in some of the prisons that the Tuscan Government has been compelled to set some of the prisoners free.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has revoked the proclamations which placed seven baronies of Clare and nearly the entire of the county Cavan under the operation of the Crime and Outrage Act.

Madame Lagusti, wife of the Civil Governor of Madrid, who, through fear of the cholera, wished to leave the capital, has fallen a victim to the disease. "She was one of the prettiest persons in Madrid."

A Hamburg paper publishes an inflammatory letter from "Archbishop Innocent" to Prince Gortschakoff encouraging the Prince to continue to fight for "that orthodox faith of which Russia is now the Noah's ark." He also congratulates the General on having the same name (Michael) as that archangel who "combated the infernal serpent and sent him to hell." "It is a good omen," adds the pious archbishop.

Augustus Stafford, Esq., M.P., left London, on Monday, on a second benevolent mission to the military and naval hospitals in the East of Europe.

The Paris correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* has a fine collection of *on dits*. General Canrobert is to command a new Army of Italy; Naples is to have a new King ("the descendant of a French Prince who has already reigned there"); Sicily is to be given to the English; and Spain is to be given to Prince Napoleon (!).

Sir Roderick I. Murchison passed through Dingwall the other day, *en route* to inspect the limestone cliffs at Durness, Sutherlandshire, which geographical inquiries the learned knight will likely describe at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association.

M. Lesseps is said to have confided the management of the works connected with the new undertaking of the Isthmus of Suez to M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire.

By the death of Mr. Hoof, the railway contractor, Sir Henry Muggelridge, the Sheriff of London, becomes possessed, in right of his lady, of an addition to his fortune, said to amount to a quarter of a million sterling.

The annual sitting of the French Academy will be held on the 30th inst.: M. de Noailles will report on the Monthyon prize and M. de Villemain on the prize of eloquence.

A letter from Constantinople, in *La Presse*, states that General Canrobert, in taking leave of the French army, promised them that he would soon return.

Rossini has left Trouville, and returned to Paris, where it is expected he will take up his residence for the winter.

Madame Ristori is engaged for a series of representations at Vienna, on her departure from Paris, at the close of the present month.

The Victoria Regia is now in full bloom at the gardens of the Royal Dublin Society, Glasnevin.

It is as difficult now for tourists to visit the trenches before Sebastopol as it would be to gain admission to a Cabinet Council or the private sitting-room of Queen Victoria.

A working bellhanger, in North Shields, has received information of the gratifying fact that by a late decision of the Court of Chancery he has become entitled to a very large fortune—reports state £70,000.

A fire broke out in San Francisco on the 4th of July, and before it could be checked nearly eighty thousand dollars' worth of property was destroyed.

The married men of the Kilkenny Militia, stationed in Limerick, have been permitted to hire out for cutting down the harvest, returning to barracks in the evening after the day's work.

One of the principal events of the day in Paris is the opening of a new café, called the Café Parisien, on the Boulevard, near the Château d'Eau. This is the largest café in Paris, and has mounted twenty billiard-tables.

A circular from Archbishop Cullen, denouncing the abominations of Donnybrook fair, and lauding the efforts made to suppress that nuisance, was read last Sunday in the Roman Catholic chapels in Dublin.

Accounts from Alexandria state that the waters of the Nile have risen two fathoms higher this year than last, and this is considered an augury of an abundant harvest.

The planet Venus, as seen through a telescope, is at present a beautiful crescent. It now appears to the best advantage, each day diminishing the beauty of its form.

The large consumption of water at Aldershot has affected the supply of water to the mills on the Basingstoke Canal, the Fleetpond, and the Loddon. Compensation has been obtained by some of the millers, and is claimed by the rest.

It is said that the yearly consumption of tobacco in Turkey reaches 300,000,000 lb., allowing 40 lb. a year each for 8,000,000 of smokers.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

From our Special Correspondent.
(Continued from Supplement, page 247.)

THE PROGRESS FROM BOULOGNE TO PARIS.

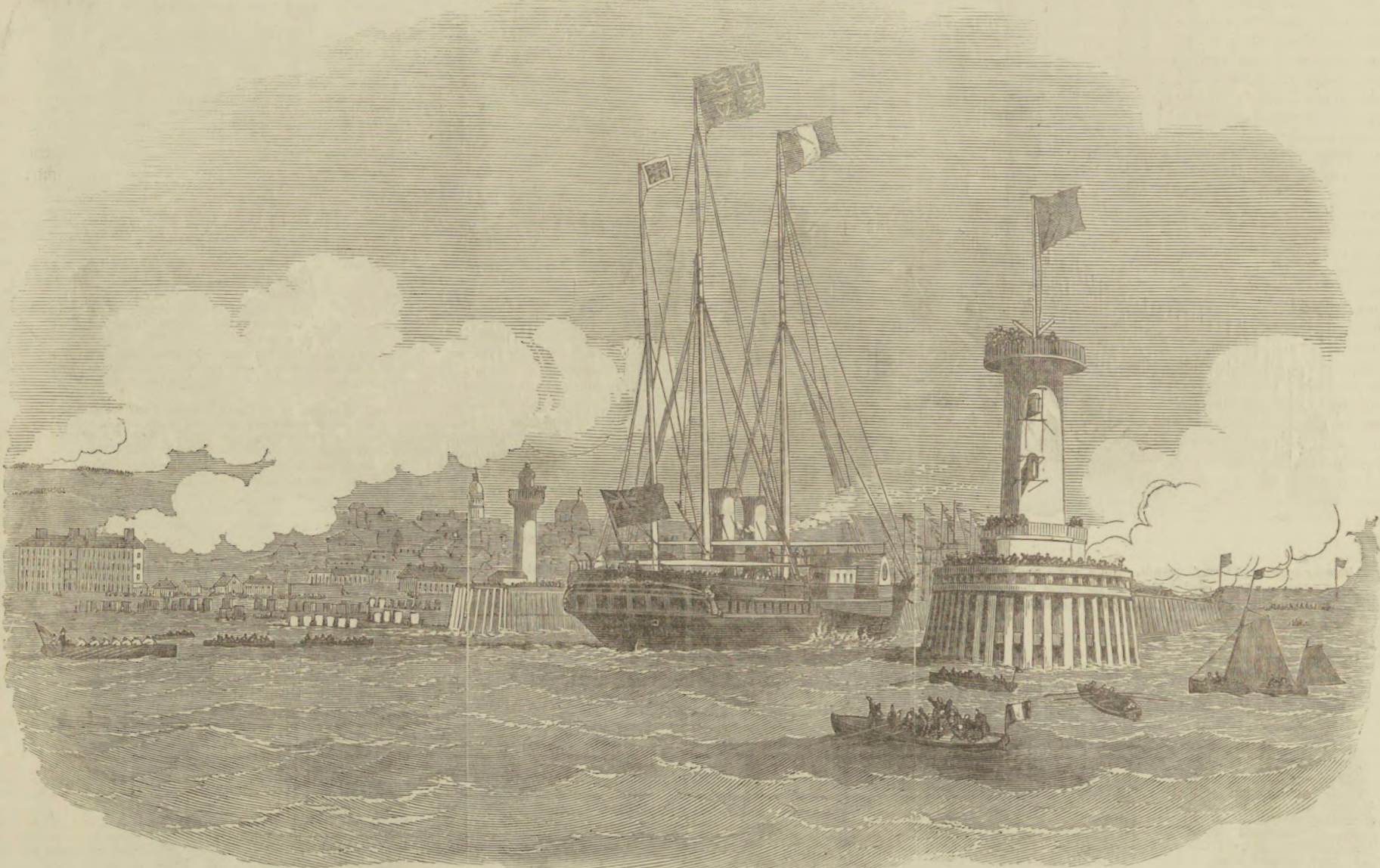
The progress of the Imperial train from Boulogne to Paris was marked by very few points of interest. The Paris visitor who has travelled by the Boulogne route will have remarked the wearisome flatness, the terrible monotony of the landscapes which lie between the capital and the Boulogne railway station. Rows of poplar-trees rising straight into the air, from a road direct as an arrow; farm-houses of ordinary aspect, with women and children lounging at the doors; cows feeding along dusty lanes, attended by little vagrants in blue blouses; and women standing with railway signals in their hands at level crossings (and nearly all the crossings are level), pointing forward, are the main points of observation that rest in the traveller's memory, as he reaches the Paris terminus. But on this occasion the occupants of the train gave a new aspect to every mile of the road; peopling the dusty lanes with labourers and their wives and children in holiday gear; covering the few bridges with heads; and inspiring villagers, turned awhile from their labour, to line an embankment, to raise a lusty cheer. The train dashed forward past these curious country people at a tremendous speed, for Paris was yet far distant, and the sun was sloping to the west. The first station at which a stoppage was made was that of Montreuil. The interior of the station was prettily covered with evergreens, flowers, flags, and emblems of the Allied nations. Here the visitors were received by some military and municipal authorities, but they did not descend from their carriage. The engine having taken in water, the travellers sped rapidly forward to Abbeville, when the State carriage was brought to a stand-still before an elegantly-decorated recess, in which were the municipal authorities and some ladies. The station was elegantly decorated; the water-tank was

also hung with flowers, against which a banner was displayed, inscribed "Welcome to England!" Upon the columns of the station were medallions bearing the Royal and Imperial initials. Within the station, over the entrance, was an inscription, "Welcome Victoria!" The National Guard of Abbeville were drawn up to receive their Majesties; and as the train entered the station the band of the 8th Dragoons gave them a musical welcome. The time being very short, their Majesties did not leave their State carriage; but, after a delay of a few minutes, went rapidly forward to Amiens. The approach of the State train to this town was announced by a salute from the artillery of the National Guard, stationed in a field near the railway. The crowds of people congregated upon the sloping public gardens, perched upon the railway bridge, and crowded within the narrow windows of the overhanging houses, gave the Queen and the Imperial host a hearty welcome. Then the train plunged into a tunnel, to emerge within the spacious Amiens station—crammed with ladies arranged upon raised seats, surrounded with National Guards and municipal authorities, in full official costume. Here the Queen left the State carriage, and, bowing to the people assembled, repaired, with the Emperor, Prince Albert, and the Royal children, to the tastefully-disposed waiting-room prepared for them. This waiting-room was ornamented with light muslin hangings and pendent chandeliers of flowers. Having spoken some gracious words to one or two local notabilities, and received an address, the party returned to the carriage; and, to the strains of a military band, went once more forward to Paris. The last station at which the State train stopped was Clermont, which was prettily decorated with flags, initials, and flowers, and where the National Guard mustered, four hundred strong, to receive the illustrious travellers. Having taken in water here as hastily as possible, and received the enthusiastic demonstrations of the assembled crowds, the train moved forward, to stop again only at the Paris terminus. The entire distance performed, including stoppages, within five hours

must have been highly pleasing to both Sovereigns. On all sides the people had flocked to the stations to cheer the Royal guests of their Emperor; and, we may trust, to mark hereby their approbation of the alliance which appears to be cemented more closely daily.

ARRIVAL IN PARIS.

The aspect of Paris on the 18th of August, 1855, will long be talked about by the good *bourgeois* and the happy *bourgeoise* of the capital. To believe, however, that the Parisians alone gave a welcome to the Queen of England on her entry into the capital of her great ally, would be to do an injustice to the thousands of people from the provinces who rushed to Paris to assist at the ceremony. The truth is, that for a fortnight previous to the Queen's arrival, every train from the provinces of France conveyed to Paris hundreds of bronzed passengers from the vine countries, thoughtful-looking mechanics, and little dapper rentiers, exhibiting confused notions of the Paris fashions. Daily the prices of apartments rose, as the demand increased, just as they had fallen immediately after the opening of the Universal Exhibition. Perhaps, on the whole, there is no man more thoroughly alive to the various methods of turning popular excitement to pecuniary account than is the Parisian tradesman. While trade is flat, he supplicates purchasers to become his customers by tempting them with low prices; but let five or six people crowd at once into his neat little shop, and at once he is inflexible in his demand for double the proper price of the articles he sells. Thus the arrival of the Queen in Paris was held to be a fête, promising the most magnificent pecuniary results. At last Parisian lodging-house keepers would realise their long-cherished dream, by being able to frighten lodgers into garrets at ten or twelve francs per night. In this instance they have not been disappointed; for they have been able to let a bed at prices which, under ordinary circumstances, they would be happy to receive for an entire flat. Every hotel was crowded, every lodging-house choked up with lodgers from the cellars to the *mansardes*, on



HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO FRANCE.—THE ROYAL YACHT ENTERING BOULOGNE HARBOUR.—(SEE PAGES 242 AND 246.)

the eve of the 18th. Along the Boulevards the good citizens of Paris were as actively engaged letting their windows at forty francs per seat as were the authorities in raising oriflammes, distributing flags and golden initials, rearing aloft colossal eagles, or trimming the gigantic proportions of a triumphal arch. The weather favoured the hot speculators as well as the patriotic decorators. People eagerly sought places where they would be free from the excitement of a crowd, and where they could secure an uninterrupted view of the cortège; and at an early hour on Saturday morning ladies elegantly dressed might be seen tripping quickly forward to take up their places upon the balconies; crowds of boys, of course, were early occupants of the kerb-stone; and then troops of provincials took up prominent positions upon the pavement, and deposited by their side baskets of substantial refreshment. It was evident that these people intended to make a firm stand for the day. Some women might even be seen taking out their work, in order to while away the many hours that lay between the moment of their arrival upon the ground and that at which the cortège would pass on its way to St. Cloud. As the day wore on these early comers were backed by a substantial wall of people. The workmen were still giving a final touch to the wreaths about the Venetian poles: men were still at work upon the triumphal arches. On all sides the colours of the Allied nations floated in the dazzling sunlight. The windows of the houses on both sides of the Boulevards grew gay with the brilliant dresses, and still more attractive faces, of the ladies who crowded within their narrow space; upon the housetops gathered crowds of people. Seen from the Rue Lepelletier, and looking towards the Rue Richelieu, the vast blocks of houses looked like so many mountains of living creatures. Nothing could surpass the elegance of the arch which the 9th battalion of the National Guard had reared at the Porte St. Denis, with its inscriptions: "A la Reine d'Angleterre—à Victoria!" nor that of the arch before the Rue Lepelletier, erected by the artists of the Opéra. Let it be remembered that all these preparations were the joint efforts of private people or public companies. Thus the proprietor of the Gymnase Theatre had covered the entire front of his establishment. On one side of this extensive decoration were these inscriptions:—"18 Août, 1855—Dieu et mon droit—Honi soit qui mal

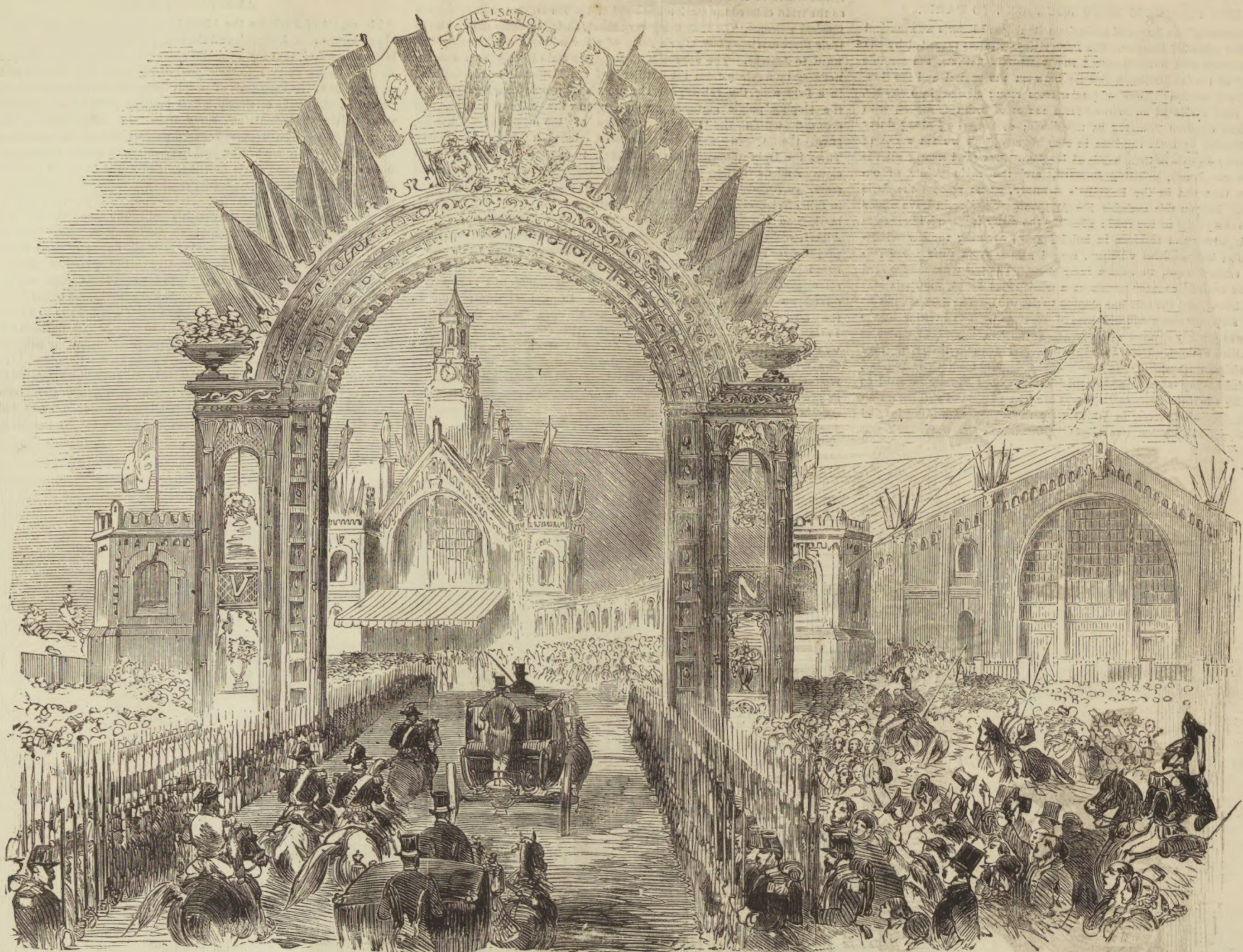
y pense;" on the other, "16 Avril, 1855—Dieu protégé la France—Union, Force, Désintéressement." Opposite the Rue de Rougemont, the company of the Comptoir d'Escompte had placed a trophy of the Allied flags, with the arms of France and England upon escutcheons. The Boulevard Poissonnière, in the hands of the 7th battalion of the National Guard was gay with wreaths and flags, and the arms of the Allied nations. The 6th battalion, responsible for the decorations of the Boulevard Montmartre, had followed the example of the 7th; but on the most elevated ground, opposite the Rue Vivienne, two elegant porticoes erected by the Bourse and the Bank, and two monumental columns being allegorical figures of Justice and Abundance, erected at the cost of the Tribunal of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, gave a brilliant effect to the scene, approached either from the Rue Richelieu, or seen from Vachette's. The French director of the Defender Assurance Company had raised before his offices two "emblematical pilasters," surmounted with eagles and trophies. The Opéra-Comique Company had arranged, in the midst of a portico of evergreens and flowers, an Ionic column, the pedestal of which represented the four sides of the Palace of Industry. Upon the Boulevard de la Madeleine, a red and yellow pavilion, decorated with flower-garlands, shaded two colossal figures—one, with a lance in the hand, representing England; the other, leaning upon a sword, representing France. From this point to the Champs Elysées, the decorations of Venetian columns, flags, and escutcheons, were continued without variation. Upon the Place de la Concorde, deputations from various corporations of working men, were assembled, together with various deputations from the provinces; having received permission to fall in behind the Royal and Imperial carriages. Then in the Champs Elysées an immense concourse of girls, dressed in white, was ranged the length of the great avenue, with the most delightful effect. The Palace of Industry, was of course, decorated with the Allied colours.

As we turn from the preparations at this part of the route, to approach the Boulevard leading to the Strasbourg Railway terminus, we may remark that at the point where this Boulevard reaches the main Boulevard, an immense square of columns decorated with oriflammes, and supporting on one side an allegorical trophy, gave great effect to the distance as the

cortège advanced from the railway station. Our readers may now imagine pictures of these splendid Boulevards crammed with tens of thousands of people, all in holiday attire; heads peering from every window; roofs exhibiting the appearance of a theatre pit; scaffolding turned into elegant balconies; and along each side of the way uninterrupted lines of soldiers. One word on the disposition of the troops. The regular army furnished the *haie*, or made the line, to the left; and the National Guard of Paris, on the right. These troops took up their positions at three o'clock in the afternoon, in the following order:—From the railway station to the Barrière l'Etoile, on the right, the line was made by the National Guards of Paris and the Banlieue. Around this arch—the gates of which were opened for the occasion, that the cortège might pass under it—were squadrons of cavalry. From the railway station to the Boulevard St. Denis, on the left hand, detachments of the Imperial Guard, under the command of General Count de Montebello, Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor, including the dépôts of infantry—Grenadiers, Voltigeurs, and Zouaves—kept the way. Then the Army de l'Est, which furnished the greater part of the left line, was under the command of Marshal Magnan. The first brigade and third division of this army occupied the line from the Porte St. Martin to the Rue Caumartin, and included the 12th battalion of Chasseurs—all under the orders of Generals Grobon and d'Hugues. From the Rue Caumartin to the Arc de Triomphe the line was formed by the second division of this army, under the command of General Renault. From the Arc down to the Avenue de l'Impératrice the lines were kept by cavalry in the following order:—Cuirassiers, the Guides, the Gendarmerie of the Imperial Guard, the mounted Paris Guards, the Gendarmerie of the Seine, a brigade of Carabiniers, including the two regiments of this arm, the 8th Cuirassiers, the 12th mounted Chasseurs, and the 10th Cuirassiers. The Bois de Boulogne was occupied by the first division of the Army de l'Est, under the command of Generals de Liniers and Chapuis.

The crowds who extended the whole length of this long line—who were as thick near the Bois de Boulogne as near the Strasbourg Railway station—occupied their trying positions under a broiling sun with that wonderful

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO PARIS.

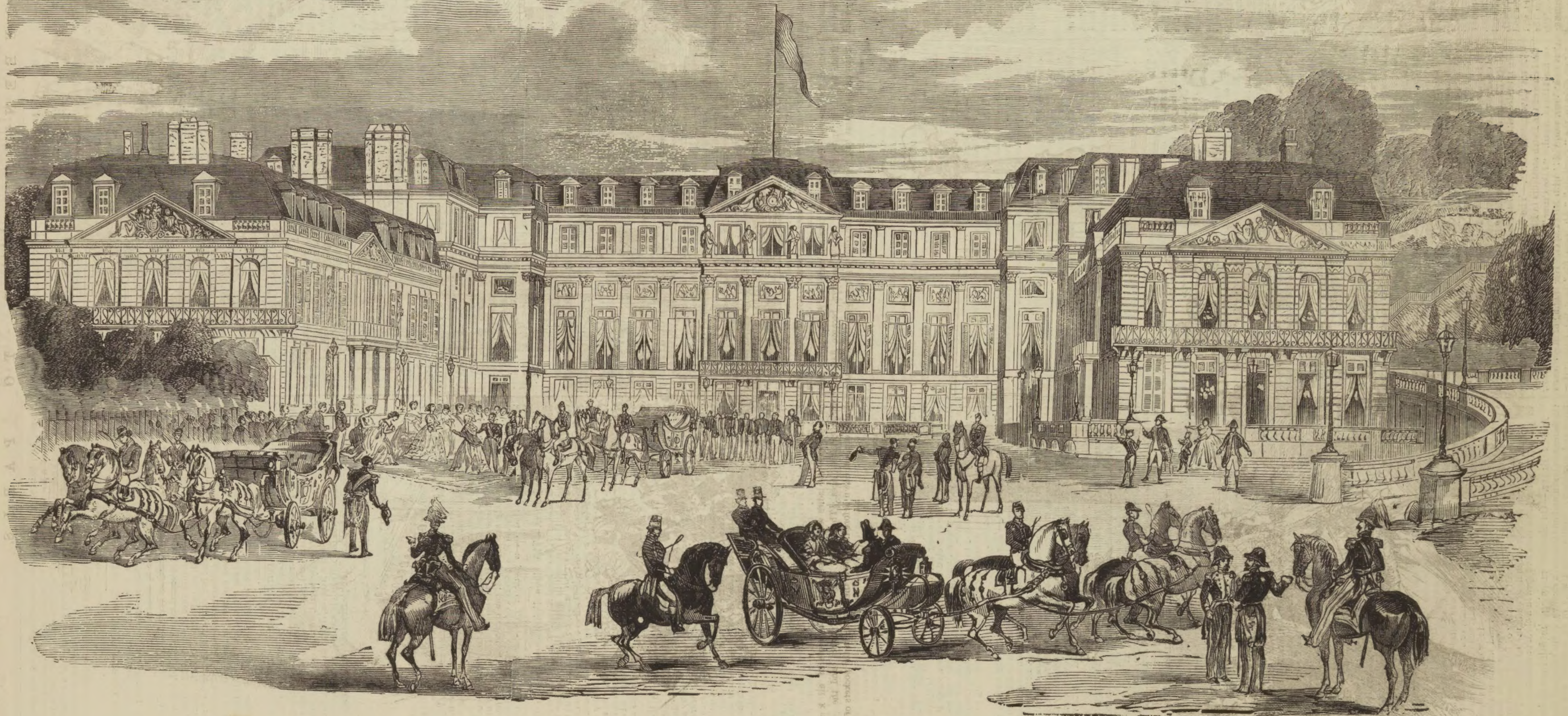


THE ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY AT THE RAILWAY STATION, BOULOGNE.—(SEE PAGE 242.)

good humour peculiar to French crowds. Not a single row took place (if we except a little confusion once or twice at the end of the Boulevard du Strasbourg) during the many hours the million of people who were posted to meet the Queen of England stood broiling under an August sun. But fresh toilets, in spite of the care of the wearers, became flat and crumpled; the neat hair parted from the comb; gloves became soiled; and the more delicate ladies were compelled to make seats of all kinds of uncomfortable places. The soldiers' lines grew uneven, and the strolled up, and down before their men, their hands in the pockets of their



RECEPTION OF HER MAJESTY AT THE FOOT OF THE GRAND STAIRCASE, PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.—(SEE PAGE 243.)



ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY AT THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.—(SEE PAGE 243)

wide trousers. It was seven o'clock when a salvo of artillery announced to the people of Paris the arrival of the Queen at the railway station. A thrill of excitement ran through the vast crowds of tired sight-seers; the troops formed in lines straight as arrows; the officers took their hands from their pockets to draw their swords, and give the word of command. All the loud orders which bewilder foreigners in the execution of French arrangements flew along the military lines.

ARRIVAL AT PARIS.

Exactly at twenty minutes past seven the State train passed into the splendid terminus of the Strasbourg Railway, where Prince Napoleon, Marshal Magnan, the Prefect of the Seine, the Prefect of Police, and a host of municipal and railway officials, were grouped upon the platform to receive the Queen and Royal family. A really English cheer burst from the crowd of people assembled in the galleries of the station as her Majesty, leaning on the arm of the Emperor, and followed by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, Prince Napoleon, and the Princess Royal, made her way to the splendid State carriages in waiting. The scene in the station, when the illustrious visitors appeared upon the platform, defies description with the pen. Let it suffice to say that it offered a worthy opening to the memorable progress through the capital of France about to begin. Draped with velvet and gold, and lit up with candelabra, the spaces between the pillars looked like a magnificent series of Royal boxes filled with elegantly dressed ladies. Then the arms of the various towns to which the Strasbourg line gives easy access appeared to be there only to show forth to better advantage the colossal arms of England, which formed the centre. In this station assembled all the notabilities of the Imperial Court: Lady Cowley, two or three English officers, Brigadier-General Sir Arthur Torrens, Queen's Military Commissioner in Paris, and Captains Bouchier and Bramston, and officers of the picked French regiments. Then, amid the glitter of the splendid regimentals were the beautiful Court dresses of fifty ladies, who had obtained leave to form themselves into a deputation—for the very obvious purpose of seeing the Queen to the best advantage, and exhibiting a beautiful toilet. But not the least interesting of the brilliant crowd assembled within the station were the *cantinières* of the Guides, in their gay dresses—reminding English people of the Opera, rather than any kind of military service. The directors were, of course, in strong muster; but neither police, directors, nor military could stay the torrent of people, who, cheering and hustling, advanced to where the Royal party paused for a moment while her Majesty the Queen shook hands with Lady Cowley. There was no time for complimentary speeches in splendid reception-rooms, nor for thankful glances at a superb collation; night was rapidly closing in, and St. Cloud was far away. Her Majesty at once entered the first Imperial carriage, followed by the Princess Royal, the Emperor and Prince Albert; and Marshal Magnan took up his station at the Queen's right hand, and General Lewestine, Commander of the National Guard of Paris, stationed himself on the opposite side; and so the Queen of England entered the capital of France—amid the cheers of the thousands of spectators, and through the immense semicircle kept before the station by the Imperial Guard. The carriage that immediately followed, was occupied by the Prince of Wales, Prince Napoleon, the Marquis of Pradabane, and Lord Clarendon. In the remaining carriages were the members of the Queen's suite, including the Marchioness of Ely and Lady (Cecil) Villiers. Ladies in waiting: Miss Bullock, Maid of Honour; and Miss Hilliard, governess to the Princess Royal; the Marquis of Abercorn, the Hon. Colonel Phipps, Lord Alfred Paget, and General Grey. On all sides people exclaimed against the delay that threatened to turn an array so imposing as that prepared for the reception to a failure. But people were determined to be content under any circumstances—even in the face of the rough treatment of the Parisian police. And so the cheers were long and hearty as the trumpets and Band of the Guides announced to the tens of thousands of spectators on the Boulevard de Strasbourg that the Queen of England was in Paris, and on her way through its grand avenues to the Château of St. Cloud. The people on all sides, as the procession moved forward, expressed their delight with the Queen's gracious manner of bowing. Her Majesty, it was evident, was delighted with her reception; and as she was about to turn out of the Boulevard de Strasbourg she turned completely round and bowed profoundly to the enormous masses of people behind. As the cortege made its way towards the Madeleine the light entirely failed, and her Majesty saw only the dim outlines of the arches and trophies and allegorical figures, and thousands of flags and oriflammes, which had been charmingly disposed on each side of the splendid way in her especial honour. The Royal lady for whose eyes the various words of welcome were disposed on all sides, saw none of them—I fear not even the "Hurrah for Queen Victoria!" written upon a splendid streamer near the Gymnase. Some of these words of welcome appeared to have been sagaciously contrived to wear at once an air of patriotism and business. Thus, "The Directors of the Defender Assurance Company to her Majesty Queen Victoria" looked too much like a puff. "Low premiums" underneath would have completed it. Before her Majesty had reached the Arc de Triomphe night had fairly closed in; so that when the Imperial carriages passed by the pretty arch erected by the *cantonnières* of the Bois de Boulogne, at the Boulogne-gate, and finally over the bridge at St. Cloud, also spanned by triumphal arches, it was impossible to read the words of welcome offered by the honest folk of Boulogne and St. Cloud to the Royal guests of their Emperor. Yet, we may be assured, no *courrière* who had withstood the broiling sun, sitting upon the gravel of the Avenue de l'Impératrice—no purchaser of a Boulevard seat, price 40 francs—felt more grieved at the delay in the Royal arrival than did the Queen herself. For her Majesty has been known, throughout her reign, to exhibit uniformly a scrupulous punctuality in her appointments with the public. The delay, which is still the talk of every Paris *café*, has, however, enabled many journalists to display their historical strength, in allusions to her Majesty's striking resemblance to Canute in her inability to command the tide.

ARRIVAL AT ST. CLOUD.

Arrived at St. Cloud at a quarter to nine, her Majesty was received at the foot of the grand staircase by the Empress, the Princess Mathilde, and the Imperial household. The great officers of the household having been presented by the Imperial host, the Queen retired to her private apartments (which I have elsewhere described) for a short time. Dinner was served at half-past nine o'clock in the Gallery of Diana; and at eleven the illustrious visitors took leave for the night of their Imperial host and hostess.

In Paris, however, long after the Queen had retired to rest, crowds of people thronged the Boulevards to see the splendid illuminations. The *cafés* could give no more accommodation; the little green tables upon the pavement were eagerly caught up as guests departed; and eager merchants sought to dispose of commemorative medals of la Reine Victoria's visit to Paris. The night was very far advanced before the Boulevards were entirely cleared of the hundreds of thousands of people who had rushed to Paris from every department of France to witness the public entry of the British Sovereign into the capital of her great ally.

On the following day an early despatch arrived from St. Cloud for Lord Cowley, informing him that her Majesty was too fatigued from the exertions of the previous day to come to Paris, and commanding the immediate attendance of Mr. Hales, the Chaplain to the Embassy, at the château, to read prayers. The reverend gentleman instantly obeyed the summons, read prayers in one of the apartments of the château, and then delivered a short sermon, which did not occupy more than a quarter of an hour in the delivery. In the afternoon the Queen and Empress, and the Emperor and Prince Albert went for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne; and in the evening the illustrious party dined *en famille*.

VISIT TO THE PALACE OF THE FINE ARTS.

Early on Monday morning people began to wend their way from various parts of Paris towards the Palace of the Fine Arts, in the Avenue Montaigne. The façade of the building was effectively decorated with flags and banners and escutcheons of the Allied nations; and squadrons of mounted Municipal Guards kept the way clear. The admission to the building being only one franc, thousands of visitors poured into it. At ten o'clock the doors were closed. I strolled about to notice the crowds who had assembled in the various salons and galleries to give a welcome to the Queen. They appeared to be generally of the bourgeois class, the working men and women present being almost exclusively bronzed visitors from the departments, in their quaint holiday dresses. Exactly at eleven o'clock the band of the mounted chasseurs, stationed in the vestibule (where the Danish and Swedish pictures are hung), struck up the National Anthem—announcing the arrival of the Queen and the Emperor, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal. The crowding to the various openings which the Queen passed was most impetuous, and required all the police force of the Palais de l'Industrie to contend against it. The pictures were entirely neglected, with the exception of those to which the Queen's attention had been directed. Winterhalter's Court group—of which the Empress Eugénie is the central figure, and the most beautiful woman—seemed to wear a new charm after the Queen had for a few minutes before it, to contemplate the many good portraits it includes. But, satisfactory as this Royal

visit must have been to the public, it could not have gratified the artistic tastes of her Majesty and her Royal consort, for as I watched them on their way I found that they hardly paused twice in the same gallery. For instance, they were not five minutes, even in the great *salon* of the French School, where Winterhalter, Muller, Rosa Bonheur, and Gerome are hung. I am, I think, right in stating that her Majesty's attention was not even directed to the "Hayfield," by Rosa Bonheur, which is one of the glories in the list of French contributions. But the most striking point during the entire visit (which lasted nearly two hours) was her Majesty's ascent from the ground-floor to the gallery, in which the water-colour drawings are exhibited. This staircase crosses the end of the vestibule, giving the people on the ground floor an excellent view of anybody who ascends. Thus, when the Chasseurs struck up the National Anthem a second time, announcing the approach of the Courts, people thronged the vestibule, in the expectation that her Majesty was going to leave the building. Presently, however, some servants were seen ascending the gallery stairs, and in another minute the forms of her Majesty and the Emperor (who, like Prince Albert, was in simple morning dress) were apparent through the intervals of the banisters. This unexpected view of her Majesty had an electrical effect, and the crowd sent forth a tremendous cheer, to which her Majesty replied by bowing very low three or four times. I remarked on this, as on other occasions, that the Emperor appeared to be wholly unconscious of sharing the cheers which rose wherever he appeared with his Royal guests; but this chivalrous deference might be naturally expected from an Emperor who, when he had handed a Sovereign, arrived on a visit to him, into her carriage, sprung into his saddle, and insisted upon acting as the quarry of his Royal guest on her progress to the railway station—his own quarry becoming, for the time, an outsider. This incident of the landing of the Queen of England at Boulogne is now the subject of conversation in all the well-informed circles about the Court.

On leaving the Universal Exhibition of Fine Arts, amid the cheers of the people, and escorted by Cuirassiers of the Guard, her Majesty went to breakfast at the Elysée, where she alone received the *corps diplomatique*. After breakfast the Emperor suddenly ordered an open phaeton to the Palace, placed the Prince of Wales in it—told the guards to take no notice—and dashed out into the Faubourg, driving himself. In this way—to the astonishment of the people on all sides, who could hardly believe their eyes—the Emperor of France and the Heir Apparent to the Throne of England passed along the Boulevards; went to the Tuilleries (where, I believe, the Emperor had some business to transact), and then returned to the Elysée, to accompany her Majesty and the Prince Consort to the Sainte Chapelle and Notre Dame. Her Majesty appeared to be delighted with these noble buildings; and after the Archbishop of Paris had delivered an address of congratulation in the latter building, chatted with the great churchman for some time. The illustrious party then returned to St. Cloud to dine, and hear a play performed in the little theatre of the château by the actors of the Théâtre Français.

AT VERSAILLES.

Tuesday was spent happily—under a splendid sky—at Versailles. Her Majesty was conducted by the Emperor through the private apartments of the château, to the room where the Revolution surprised Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, through the picture galleries to the Salon des Glaces. At the balcony of this noble gallery her Majesty was led forward to receive the lusty cheers of the crowds assembled in the beautiful grounds, in which the garrison of the town was conspicuous. Then getting into an open carriage and four, preceded and followed by detachments of the Cents Gardes, and enlivened by the music of the Carabiniers, the Emperor showed his Royal guests the fountains in full play, pointing down the long, dark, vaulted passages of dense foliage to the silvery fountains of water issuing from the fountains at their extremity. Then the party drove to the Trianon; visited poor Marie Antoinette's toy farm, of the Little Trianon, where she played the shepherdess and the farmer's wife. Here, before the lake, in a little room of the *hameau*, a breakfast had been laid for the party, now joined by the Empress. Forty persons here partook of the Imperial hospitality; and people who enjoyed the privilege of watching the Royal and Imperial families sitting upon the lawn after breakfast, taking coffee, pleasantly chatting, and listening at intervals to the delightful music of the Guides, all under a beautiful sky, and in a garden renowned all over Europe, will remember the scene as one of the more charming pictures which this memorable visit has produced. At half past four the Queen and Empress started together for St. Cloud in an open carriage, followed by the Emperor and Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales, with the Princess Royal. In the evening her Majesty went in state to the Opera.

The illuminations along the Boulevards as far as the Rue Lepelletier were very brilliant, and were terminated by a colossal chandelier, hung under the triumphal arch, in the open air, which had a most beautiful effect. The Rue Lepelletier itself was a blaze of light. The illustrious party travelled in close carriages. They were loudly cheered both on their arrival and on their departure. In the theatre the enthusiasm was intense, and "God Save the Queen" was encored, amid the vociferous applause of the crowded and brilliant audience. The performance consisted of a selection from Verdi, Halévy, and Meyerbeer, followed by a ballet.

VISIT TO THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE.

On Wednesday her Majesty, with Prince Albert and the Emperor, paid their visit to the Palais de l'Industrie. With the exception of holders of season tickets, exhibitors, and foreign commissioners, the public were not admitted. The Queen and the Emperor, accompanied by the Imperial and Royal suites, arrived at the Exhibition at ten minutes past eleven. Their Majesties were received by Prince Napoleon, the Commissioners, and the Juries. The approaches were densely crowded, and there was much cheering.

After visiting the Exhibition, the Queen and the Imperial party proceeded to the Tuilleries to take lunch, after which a considerable time was spent in examining this magnificent Palace. After this their Majesties returned to St. Cloud to dinner. In the evening the artists of the Gymnase had the honour of appearing before their Majesties and a select party at St. Cloud: the piece performed was "Le Fils de Famille."

MUSIC.

The ROYAL OPERA at Drury Lane is now the only musical entertainment in London. We have had occasion more than once to mention the spirit and success with which this theatre is conducted; and we have the satisfaction to say that its management betrays no falling-off in these respects. The performances this week have been exceedingly agreeable. On Monday Barnett's well-known opera, "The Mountain Sylph," was followed by a revival of the once famous, but almost forgotten, burletta of "Midas." "The Mountain Sylph" was very well performed. Mr. Elliot Galer, who sustained the part of Donald, is making great progress in his art. His voice, which used to be remarked as a sweet but feeble tenor, is acquiring strength and body, and his whole performance is gaining firmness and decision. Lucy Escott, who is becoming more and more a favourite, made a very charming Sylph; Miss Lanza was a sweet and interesting Jessie; and Mr. Farquharson, as the wizard Hela, sang with considerable effect. The concerted music, especially the famous trio, "This magic-wove scarf," was very nicely sung, and the whole performance was warmly applauded. Mr. Smith has done well to revive "Midas"—an admirable piece, which used to delight the playgoers of half a century ago, when Sinclair's "Pray, Goody," lifted him at once into celebrity. It is full of wit and satire; and the music, chiefly French melodies, is charming. As now performed, with Miss Fanny Reeves as Apollo, Mr. Barrett as Midas, Mr. Halford as Pan, and Mr. Farquharson as Silenus, it is very amusing, and gives the elder part of the audience a pleasant reminiscence of old times.

Wallace's "Maritana" was performed on Tuesday evening, for the last time this season, after having had a successful run, which it very well deserved.

The Drury Lane repertoire this season has been very limited, and Mr. Smith would do well to extend it. There are several English operas which we would gladly see produced. One in particular, "The Night Dancers," by Edward Loder, is not inferior to the best works of the age, and has the further advantage of being an excellent and interesting drama. We observe that this admirable musician has just produced at the Manchester Theatre a new opera, called "Raymond and Agnes," which has been attended with the most brilliant success.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES.—The Swan of Erin has been turning the heads of the Dutch amateurs in Batavia. Her first concert took place on the 11th of April. "Like Caesar," says an enthusiastic correspondent, "it was 'Veni, vidi, vici!' with Miss Hayes." Her singing of Meyerbeer's air of *Fides* in the "Prophète," "Ah, mon fils," took the Batavians—aborigines as well as settlers—by storm at once. The "Casta Diva" from "Norma," completed her triumph. Miss Hayes subsequently appeared at the theatre in *Lucia*, and the journalists then raved about her, not in choice Italian, but in Low Dutch. She played *Norina*, in "Don Pasquale,"

Norma, &c.; but the climax of *furor* was attained when she gave, with the energy of a Rachel singing the "Marseillaise," the Dutch national air, "Wien Neerland's bield." For this achievement she received a military serenade, and was presented with a golden garland, and a splendid diamond brooch. A steamer was engaged to carry Miss Hayes on board of the *Glendarry*, the ship in which she sailed to Australia—crowds escorting her to the bay when she embarked.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new piece by Mr. Brough was produced on Thursday, designed as a seasonable squib, under the title of "Olympus in a Muddle; or, the Wrong Men in the Wrong Places." The political application is sufficiently obvious.

MISS HERAUD AND "WIFE OR NO WIFE."—The new play lately produced at the Haymarket is not intended to be published, but to remain in manuscript for the exclusive performance of the young actress, as the representative of *Olympia*. It will, we understand, be forthwith repeated in the provinces, where Miss Heraud is about to fulfil a round of starring engagements. These appearances will commence with the Theatre Royal, Cambridge, on the 3rd of September; and the play itself will be performed there during the following week. This monopoly of a part is understood to be generally a lucrative possession to an artist capable of supporting the popularity of an unprinted drama.

MR. LOVE AND THE APPROACHING CLOSE OF THE LONDON SEASON.—This popular ventriloquist celebrated on Wednesday the two hundredth night of his extraordinary entertainment at the Regent Gallery; on which occasion he distributed gratuitously to his audience copies of his portrait and memoirs, elegantly bound. The *séance* was fashionably and numerous attended; and the lecturer, being in capital voice and spirits, was witnessed in the full force of his surprising talents, for impersonation and polyphonic illusion. The performance will continue for a few nights longer.

COUNTRY NEWS.

OPENING OF THE CRUMLIN VIADUCT.—NEWPORT, HEREFORD, AND ABERGAVENNY RAILWAY.—This stupendous specimen of engineering skill was opened on Monday with great éclat. The viaduct, a complete network of iron, stretches from the Soverdyd mountain across the valley to the Trynant on the other side, a distance of upwards of 1500 feet, at an altitude of nearly 220 feet above the level of the river. The various trains that arrived throughout the morning from Shrewsbury, Hereford, Gloucester, Bristol, and all parts of Wales, added thousands of visitors to the numerous pedestrians already on the spot. The ceremony of opening the line being duly accomplished, the directors, committee, and a number of ladies and gentlemen partook of an elegant déjeuner in a spacious marquee erected on a piece of table-land, looking over the valley.

THE CASKET LIGHTS.—The three lighthouses on the Casket Rocks, in the British Channel, have been raised in height about twenty-five feet each. Owing to this increase in height the lights may be discerned six or seven miles farther than was lately possible. The Casket Lights warn mariners from the dangerous rocks which beset the Channel Islands, and are of great use to vessels trading between London and France. The person who has charge of them has reared a family on the small and rugged rock on which they stand. When the sea is smooth enough, which is rarely the case, he effects a communication with the Isle of Alderney. The Caskets are fertile, like the neighbouring islands of Jersey and Guernsey, and the lighthouse-keeper has won prizes at horticultural shows in those islands.

THE COLLIERIES' TURN-OUT NEAR RUABON.—The entire body of men are still standing out, and no overtures have been made, either by men or masters, to reconcile differences. Meetings of the working men have been held in the present week, and attempts were made by some of the speakers to put an end to the turn-out; but these efforts were overruled by the dominant talkers, and, indeed, by a majority present of the colliers. Some inflammatory letters and statements have been published, which have excited the passions of the men, and rendered reconciliation almost impossible. A detachment of the Royal Denbighshire Militia is stationed at Ruabon, and due precautions are taken to preserve the peace.

A DETERMINED YOUNG LADY.—An elopement took place last week, on the Fell-side, of a young lady, with some young man not approved of by her family. On a Tuesday morning, about three weeks ago, the young couple hastened across the country to the nearest railway station (Plumpton). Having procured tickets they awaited the arrival of the train with feverish anxiety; but alas! just before its arrival the young lady's brother, who had become cognisant of her flight, dropped in upon them. A scene ensued, the fair one was marched off under protest, fighting her brother with words and blows, exclaiming as she left the station, in a tone of sarcastic defiance, "Never mind, Joseph, I'm yours! I'll be true! We'll beat him yet!" Her brother, however, was determined not to be so easily foiled as his disobedient ward imagined. He immediately removed her to Liverpool, where she was placed under strict surveillance; but she still found means to communicate with her lover, and after about a fortnight he, accompanied by a friend, presented himself under her bedroom window at midnight. Out she came, throwing her wardrobe before her. On the following morning the parties with whom she was staying found that she was missing, and telegraphed to that effect. There was immediately a look-out along the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, by which the fugitives were expected to proceed to Gretna. But they had learned wisdom by experience, and the young lady was resolved not to be again torn from her lover. Therefore, instead of taking the train, they sailed by the first packet to the west coast of Scotland, from whence they proceeded to Gretna, where they were married according to the law of Scotland.—*Carlisle Journal*.

SERVING ON JURIES.—The annual jury-papers are now in course of delivery at every occupied house in the kingdom, to be filled up by the tenants, and those claiming to be exempted either from overage or otherwise. By being promptly attended to by the occupiers, &c., a great deal of trouble would be saved to those entitled to exemption as well as the Clerks of the Peace at the Criminal Courts and Sessions for the Counties. In the course of next month these jury-lists will be prepared by the overseers of each parish, and exhibited at the doors of every church and chapel. Persons whose names are improperly inserted can have them struck out at the petty sessions.

HARVEST WAGES IN IRELAND.—Agricultural labourers are, in greater request and receive higher wages than has been known in Ireland at any period. Labourers for reaping, mowing, and other harvest operations were engaged in Limerick on Saturday last, at 12s. 6d. per week (wet or dry) and diet; and on Monday morning, when fine weather appeared to have set in, they were eagerly picked up at 2s. 6d. per day and board.

ACCIDENT ON THE LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.—On Saturday last a heavy excursion train, conveying about 1000 persons, left Sowerby-bridge, Yorkshire, for Blackpool, and on its return journey was run into by a goods train, and several passengers were injured, but none fatally. Owing to the slippery state of the rails from wet weather the excursion train was late, and reached the Summit Tunnel, near Todmorden, about one o'clock on Sunday morning. After proceeding some distance into the tunnel, the train came almost to a stand for want of steam—the incline at that place being very considerable. One of the company's servants, in attendance on the train, ran back with fog signals; but a goods train had already entered the tunnel, and, after passing over one of the signals, had not time to stop completely before it came in contact with the last carriage of the excursion train, though the shock of the collision was considerably weakened. None of the carriages were smashed; but several passengers were bruised severely, and one of them, a boy, had one of his legs fractured. A signal-man, stationed at the entrance of the tunnel, appears to have neglected his duty, as, according to the company's rules, no train should have been allowed to enter the tunnel until the first one had passed through.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.—Last Saturday evening, about half-past six o'clock, Melinda Payne, a fine little girl about ten years old, was sent by her mother for a quart of beer, to the Cook's Folly tavern, about three-quarters of a mile from their cottage, on the borders of Durdham Down, near Bristol. The approach to the tavern from the river below is effected by a winding and somewhat rugged path through the woods. The poor girl reached the tavern, purchased and paid for the beer, and having had a couple of small cakes given to her by the landlady—one for herself, and another for a little brother sick at home—she left for the purpose of descending again to the cottage. On Sunday morning her mutilated body was found in the woods, concealed beneath some bushes. Some persons think that the poor girl was killed where the body was found, as no marks of any struggle, footmarks, or stains of blood can be elsewhere found; but the police consider that she must have been murdered elsewhere and brought there. They infer from the fact of the place being within twenty yards of a cottage, and not more than forty from her father's house, at either of which her cries might have been heard; from the comparatively small quantity of blood found amongst the stones; and from the fact of the head and face being literally covered with blood, as if they had been wrapped in a cloth or a sack.

A SUN BLAST.—On Sunday morning the 5th instant, between the hours of eleven and one o'clock, a strange blight seized all the white thorn and gooseberry bushes which were in an exposed and elevated position. The whole of the trees seized were blackened on the southern side, as if they had been burned with fire, and conjecture was rife as to the cause of so strange an occurrence. We are informed by a gentleman competent to enlighten us on the matter, that the cause was a "sun blast."—*Haverfordwest Telegraph*.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, August 25.—12th Sunday after Trinity. Prince Albert born, 1819.
MONDAY, 27.—West India Docks opened, 1802.
TUESDAY, 28.—St. Augustine. Submarine Telegraph first laid, 1850.
WEDNESDAY, 29.—Louis Philippe died, 1850.
THURSDAY, 30.—Act abolishing Slavery passed, 1833.
FRIDAY, 31.—John Bunyan died, 1688.
SATURDAY, Sept. 1.—St. Giles. Partridge-shooting begins.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON-BRIDGE,
FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1 4	1 32	1 56	2 20	2 44	3 8	3 29
3 1	3 32	3 56	4 20	4 44	5 8	5 29
5 1	5 32	5 56	6 20	6 44	7 8	7 29
7 1	7 32	7 56	8 20	8 44	9 8	9 29
9 1	9 32	9 56	10 20	10 44	11 8	11 29
11 1	11 32	11 56	12 20	12 44	1 8	1 29

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS

IN THIS WEEK'S "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO PARIS.

	Page
Waiting for the Arrival of her Majesty at the Boulogne Railway Station	225
The Royal Yacht Entering Boulogne Harbour	226
The Arrival of her Majesty at the Railway Station, Boulogne	228
Reception of Her Majesty at the Foot of the Grand Staircase, Palace of St. Cloud	228
Arrival of her Majesty at the Palace of St. Cloud	229
Procession on the Boulevards des Italiens	232-233
Plan of the Bombardment of Sveaborg	235
Arrival of the Royal and Imperial Train at the Strasbourg Railway Station, at Paris	236
Reception of her Majesty at the Strasbourg Railway Station, at Paris	237
Performance before her Majesty in the Theatre of the Palace of St. Cloud	240
The Imperial Cent Guards	241
The Royal and Imperial Cortège in Paris	244-245
Her Majesty's State Bed-chamber in the Palace of St. Cloud	247
Her Majesty's Visit to the Cathedral of Notre Dame	248
Arrival of her Majesty in the Place du Carrousel, Tuileries (Four-page Cut)	

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO PARIS.

THE SERIES OF MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVINGS

of this Grand International Event will be continued in

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

for Next Week, SEPTEMBER 1, and succeeding Weeks.

In addition to the Engravings in this Week's Publication, of which a List is given above, the Series will include Illustrations, by the first Artists of Paris and London, of all the Public Appearances and Receptions of her Majesty. Among other Engravings already in preparation are—

Palace of St. Cloud: Her Majesty's Salon.
Grand Staircase.
Reisener's celebrated Bureau.
Grand Reception of her Majesty in the Streets of Paris:
Several Views of the Procession on the Boulevards.
Triumphal Arch, &c.
The Visit to Sainte Chapelle.
The Lake in the Bois de Boulogne.
Grand Review in the Champ de Mars.
The Imperial and Royal Cortège passing the Madeleine.
Visit to the Universal Exhibition.
Visit to the Exhibition of the Fine Arts, with Specimens of the Pictures.
The Imperial and Royal Cortège at the Arc de l'Etoile.
Portraits of Prince Napoleon,
Prince Jerome,
M. de Rouville,
The Count de Morny, and
M. de Fleury.
Concert of the Conservatoire de Musique.
Reception of the Corps Diplomatique.
Visit to the Grand Opera.
Visit to the Picture Galleries of the Louvre.
Grand Ball at the Hôtel de Ville.
Drive in the Forest of St. Germain.
Versailles: The Palace Gardens and Fountains.
The Galerie des Glaces.
The Trianon and Hermitage.
Panoramic View of Paris, with the Louvre and Rue de Rivoli completed.
Large Picturesque Map of Paris.
Departure of her Majesty for England, &c., &c.

Persons wishing to subscribe to this Series must order immediately of the various newsmen, as the orders will be supplied in rotation as received.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OFFICE, 198, Strand.

*. Several Illustrations of Foreign and Domestic News are unavoidably deferred, owing to the great extent and number of the Engravings of her Majesty's Visit to Paris.

BOMBARDMENT OF SVEABORG.—Next week we shall engrave Mr. Carmichael's Sketches of the Attack on Sveaborg.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1855.

COULD Parliament have been detained at its post but a few hours longer, the Speech from the Throne would have congratulated the nation on two victories to the arms of the Allies. The Baltic fleet and the Crimean army has each stricken its blow, and stricken home—the former aggressively, the latter in defence. In the northern sea a highly-prized and formidable fortress has been assailed, to the incalculable loss of the enemy; in the southern peninsula a numerous army, led by the Commander-in-Chief to the most important attack since Inkerman, has been routed with tremendous slaughter. A couple of days added to the Session, and these announcements would have preceded the spirited paragraph in which her Majesty declares that no course is left to her but a vigorous prosecution of the war. But the absence of such information in the Speech is amply atoned for. Nothing could be timed more fortunately—not to use a word of higher significance—than the arrival of the glorious news of the week. The reception of our Sovereign in the capital of those whom we trust and believe our posterity will learn to call our "hereditary friends" could not have been other than cordial; but a new element in the sentiment with which she has been met has elevated it to enthusiasm; for, while the Queen of England is the guest of France, the people of France learn that an Anglo-French fleet and an Anglo-French army have brilliantly vindicated the honour of the two nations on land and sea.

The exploit at Sveaborg is the less important of the two, but is far from being the mere experiment which it has pleased some writers to consider it. The skilful and masterly way in which the objects of the British and French Admirals were effected, without the loss of a single man, is also a matter to be noted; and this feature in the affair is assuredly one of those novelties in warfare for which the advances of science have prepared us to look, but for which the pedantry and obstinacy of constituted authorities, jealous of all innovations, have hitherto compelled us to look in vain. We doubt not that many

an old officer's head has been shaken over the details of this Sveaborg affair; and that, despite the terrific explosions, the bombardment of forty-eight hours, the conflagration of four days, and the batteries seen to have been blown to pieces, he has dubious faith in an achievement unattended by a good deal of slaughter on our own side. For ourselves, we confess that the destruction of the vast stores and matériel of Sveaborg is the best instance we have seen, since hostilities began, of the way in which a highly-civilised nation should conduct its war. We have delivered a fearful blow, and we have not lost a life. Such triumphs cannot, under existing circumstance be often gained; but let them be always recognised by the peaces of progress and enlightenment in military as in civil affairs.

The moral effect of the c stisement which the Russians have received at Sveaborg is likely to be great. The glare of the conflagration must have been visible from the spires of St. Petersburg; and, though the mendacious talents of the Russian despatch-makers will doubtless exert themselves in a way worthy of the occasion, and show that a tremendous outlay of powder and ball by the Allies has produced little or no result, the fact that a hostile fleet had approached almost within sight of the metropolis, and fired away for days, the Russian vessels not daring to issue forth and repel the aggressors, must have its weight on the population of the Imperial city. To the actual suffering caused by the blockade this fierce insult is now added, but the Czar is impotent alike to relieve or to avenge. He orders private theatricals, to assist a ruined commerce, and he brings out old priests with new prayers to give success to a despairing army. It is stated that the Grand Duke Constantine, stung by the humiliation of seeing the Allied fleet destroying the stores of the famous stronghold, hastened to the Emperor and begged to be allowed to lead the Russian vessels to battle, but his solicitation was refused. This is to be regretted, as, had his wish been granted, his Royal Highness would, in all probability, have been, by this time, at Brussels; and such of his ships as were not at the bottom of the Gulf of Finland would have been on their way to Portsmouth to be rechristened and refitted.

But the battle of the Tchernaya, the news of which immediately followed the arrival of the tidings from the Baltic, is, as regards its results, far more important than the havoc committed in a fortress which bore no immediate part in the struggle. The Russians in the Crimea do not deceive themselves as to the final fate of Sebastopol. They know that they will not be able to fulfil their pledge, and "deliver up that holy jewel in safety to their master." The Allies are closing in upon them with relentless perseverance and energy; and, whether the last onslaught be made a month sooner or a month later, it will be made, and the place must fall. The crisis, however, warranted one grand effort, which, if successful, would much retard the catastrophe, and which, if the chances of war were propitious, might even jeopardise the invaluable position of the Allies in reference to their true ally, the sea. Besides which the resources of the Russian commanders have been greatly crippled by the recent operations in the Azoff, and there is reason to believe that the army near Sebastopol was dispirited and enfeebled by its privations, while new levies, or such remnants of them as survived the dreadful march from the interior, were being poured in to increase the embarrassments of the chief. Every reason combined for the giving battle, and for giving it on a large scale. Putting himself at the head of some 60,000 men, not trusting the conduct of the affair to the baffled leader at Inkerman, Prince Gortschakoff advanced to the combat. Not as at Inkerman did the brunt of battle fall this time upon the British ranks. The French position was that which it would have been the great triumph of Prince Gortschakoff to force, and he addressed himself with all his energy to the task. The new levies are supposed to have been thrust forward in the first instance, but the assailing force also contained some of the best soldiery under the Prince's command. The French received them as France knows how to receive a foe, and our newer allies, the Sardinians, had, to the gratification of every man in the English and French army, the opportunity of sharing in the glory of the day. The English were not quite out of the work, though the triumph belongs to our friends, a well-served battery of ours being thankfully mentioned by the French leader. The result was another rout for the Russians, a fearful slaughter, and a heavy loss in wounded and prisoners. They were repulsed, and beaten back to a pass where for some three hours their hurrying masses underwent the deadly fire of the Allies, and Prince Gortschakoff retreated, in disgrace, leaving nearly five thousand men behind him. The all-important position was saved, and the battle of the Tchernaya is another name for the pages of history.

INCREASED SALARY OF MAGISTRATES.—On Saturday last a new Act was issued to increase the salary of the chief magistrate at Bow-street from £1200 to £1500 a year. The other metropolitan magistrates have had their salaries increased from £1000 to £1200 a year.

OPEN-AIR PREACHING.—On Sunday evening last the Hon. and Rev. W. Baptist Noel preached in the open air to a dense crowd, on a vacant piece of ground in the Caledonian-road, nearly opposite the New Cattle Market. The Rev. Dr. Bennet was announced to preach at the same place on Sunday next.

CALIGRAPHY.—Among the curiosities exhibiting at the Polytechnic Institution, in Regent-street, is a marvellous specimen of penmanship, beautifully executed by Mr. Thomas Duncalfe: it contains no fewer than 200 figures, and has been designed as a memento to the late Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

MISS NIGHTINGALE AT SCUTARI.—A gentleman writing from Constantinople, under date of the 14th, says:—"Miss Nightingale has returned from the Crimea to Scutari, and her health is now re-established. In person she is tall and graceful; her head is small and finely shaped; her face full of loveliness; her eyes have the charm of the most womanly softness; the upper lip and mouth display unlimited courage; and, taking nature for my model, and apart from all romance, she may be termed beautiful. I should say she might be from twenty-eight to thirty years of age. What has not she carried out? By her courageous efforts we have now a hospital at Scutari where the most perfect accommodation can be given to 3000 sick men, and every want satisfied; the beds, bed-linen, and wards are scrupulously clean and beautifully ordered, and the attendance perfect. Would that as much could be said for many of the hospitals I have visited in London. Mons. Soyer has left for the Crimea; not, however, before he had got the kitchen in good working order, and now two young Frenchmen are in charge of its management. Jellies, lemonades, and good things appeared to be the order of the day. In each ward of the hospital the Queen's letter, addressed to Mr. Sidney Herbert, appears painted on the wall, in large letters of red, blue, and gold."

THE HARVEST AND THE MILITIA.—The war and the recruiting for the Militia having drawn many young and strong hands from the labours of the field, it was probable that some difficulty might be felt in finding a sufficient number of able men to lower and get in the crops with the rapidity that will be necessary to take advantage of the fine weather while it lasts. Lieut. Colonel Brise, commanding the West Essex Militia, therefore requests us to make known that, should the demand for labour be greater than the supply for harvest operations in any district in this county, he will be happy to assist any brother agriculturist, by granting furloughs, for a short period, to a limited number of men of the West Essex Militia, for the purpose of assisting in the harvest.—Chelmsford Chronicle.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK ON LITERATURE, ART, &c.

A WELL-KNOWN person in the history of English literature during the nineteenth century has just been removed from among us. What young lady, of any age—within the teens, and even beyond that uncertain range—has not heard of Henry Colburn? Sometimes the name was mixed with that of Bentley—oftener it appeared alone; but it was a name referred to with confidence in London circulating libraries, and boldly appealed to at lesser libraries, to be seen at Scarborough, Harrowgate, Cheltenham, Leamington, Ramsgate, and we will add, Margate.

Henry Colburn died at his house in Bryanstone-square, London, on Thursday, the 16th inst. His age is not stated; but we will appeal to Lady Morgan, and ask if the intelligent publisher of her best works had not exceeded at his death the Scriptural period of threescore and ten? We first hear of Mr. Colburn in Conduit-street, Regent-street—(we have been in circles of his old friends, where his name has been mentioned invariably with kindness)—yes, we first hear of him there—the sole representative, in 1814, of a "Public Library" in Conduit-street, conducted on liberal principles, and supported by aristocratic patronage. In 1814, and for a few years longer, he was a kind of Ebers, or Cawthorn, or Mudie—managing a business of his own in a business-like manner, making friends, and forming that intimate knowledge of trade hereafter of such excellent use in catering to the wants of the great reading public in Great Britain and Ireland.

He began with light literature, and may be said to have adhered to it through his forty years' existence as a London publisher. Mr. Lockhart, indeed, assures us that he was long exclusively known as "the standard purveyor" of what is called light reading—novels of fashionable life, and "such like pretty ephemera." But he had another kind of reputation, which, amidst the trash of perhaps ten thousand volumes (for he is said to have published as many) will preserve his name among the leading booksellers of Great Britain: the Memoirs of Evelyn, and the still more famous Diary of Pepys, were first given to the public by this careful caterer for public wants. The Memoirs of Evelyn (this is something for Notes and Queries), after a miraculous escape from the thread-papers of at least two dowagers, were transcribed by Mr. Upcott for publication; refused by every house of fame in London; and, at last, published by a library-keeper in Conduit-street, in two quarto volumes—price five pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence! This work disregarded by the London trade arrived at a second edition, in the same shape and price, within a year—much to the surprise of the "Row;" and, we believe, much to the surprise of Mr. Colburn himself.

It has been said of Mr. Colburn since his death by one perfectly competent, to pass an opinion of the kind, that in his long experience of the London trade no one was more intuitively a publisher than Henry Colburn. He had a keen appreciation of what the public required—an excellent knowledge himself of the market value of what was offered to him for sale, and a tact in finding others to whom he could appeal with safety in any doubt. His leading adviser was Mr. Charles Ollier, once a publisher himself, and eminently skilled in assisting at the birth of a volume of memoirs, or a three-volume novel or romance.

The first works of any originality published by Mr. Colburn were those of Lady Morgan. There was merit in whatever Lady Morgan wrote; but the Quarterly, by its bitterness, materially assisted in forcing their early circulation. With "France, by Lady Morgan," commenced Mr. Colburn's career as an ingenious advertiser on a large scale. No bookseller ever rivalled him in the admirable art of puffery. He had recourse to every artifice; and years elapsed (and his fortune was made) before his skill in advertising was allowed to be quackery. An instance of his style in "doing" John Bull is before us while we write, in one of his Catalogues of "Important Works"—for all his books, when put before the public, were equally "important." To make Lady Morgan's "France" sell he appended to the advertisement this taking paragraph:—

The Journal de Paris makes the following remarks on this spirited and amusing work:—

"Lady Morgan has been run after, entertained, and almost worshipped, in all our fashionable circles: she has studied us from head to foot, from the Court to the village, from the boudoir to the kitchen.

"Peasants, noblemen, duchesses, citizens' wives, priests, soldiers, Royalists, Ultras, Constitutionalists, both of the year '89 and 1816, children of the Revolution, eulogisers of former times, authors, players, painters, musicians, poets, dancers, gormandisers, mendicants, promenadeurs, parasites, valets de chambre, footmen, nurses, frequenters of the theatres, auditors of the institute; no individual has escaped the notice of Lady Morgan. She has seen, observed, analysed, and described everything, men and things, speeches and characters."

His skill was still more admirably shown in an advertisement (so we are assured) in which he forced "Pelham," the first novel of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, into not an undue, but into an unexpected sale.

To Mr. Colburn's knowledge of what the public required we are indebted for the New Monthly Magazine; and, in fact, for the Literary Gazette, that originator of weekly literary criticism. The New Monthly (now in Mr. Ainsworth's hands) was started in 1814, as a rival to the Old Monthly, then under the control of its publisher, Sir Richard Phillips. It was established "on the principles of general patriotism and loyalty," and was advertised "as an antidote to a magazine distinguished for sentiments tending to encourage disaffection and infidelity." The first editor was Dr. Watkins (once known by his Dictionary and his "Life of Sheridan"), who was succeeded, in 1820, by Campbell, the poet; and Campbell, in his turn, was succeeded by Bulwer, Theodore Hook, and Hood. Mr. Colburn was always especially liberal in the management of his magazine, and was as proud of the New Monthly as Murray was of the Quarterly, or Blackwood was of "My Maga."

In the year 1830 Mr. Colburn, then living in New Burlington-street, took a partner, Mr. Richard Bentley, the printer, of the firm of S. and R. Bentley. This unexpected alliance did not last long. On the 31st of August, 1832, they unexpectedly dissolved partnership—Mr. Colburn, it is said, undertaking not to recommence publishing in any place within twenty miles of London. This prohibition he soon found irksome; and, like the retiring partner in the tallow concern, who stipulated for coming in on melting days, he set up as a publisher at Windsor, beyond the distance. Afterwards he removed to Great Marlborough-street, and finally surrendered his business to Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, still, however, reserving to himself a few favourite copyrights, such as the Diaries of Evelyn, Pepys, and D'Arblay, the Peerage of Burke, and a stray work or two which still promised something.

Mr. Colburn, retired from the turmoil of business surrounded by many literary friends, whom he delighted to see around his table. He was fond, too, of the Fine Arts, and his drawing-rooms were decorated by two masterpieces of our living English school of art. In the front drawing-room was Mr. Maclise's large and admirable picture of "Caxton Showing his First Proof-sheet to King Edward IV. and his Courtiers;" and in his other room, one of the finest landscapes of Mr. Clarkson Stanfield.

It would be easy to gossip about such a man in a column dedicated to such matters as this delights in. But we must part with so fertile a subject—only remarking, that Mr. Colburn was twice married, and that his wife, Eliza Ann, only daughter of Captain Crosbie, R.N., to whom he was married in 1841, still survives him.

An affecting and manly anecdote connected with the sudden death of Mr. Patrick Park, the sculptor, is current in artistic circles. Mr. Park was at Warrington, at the station, in apparently rude health. On leaving the platform his attention was arrested by a porter endeavouring to lift a heavy hamper of ice. With impulsive generosity he stepped forward to assist him, and placed the load on the man's shoulder. No sooner was this done than he found his mouth full of blood. He had recourse to a portion of the ice which the man was carrying to stop the hemorrhage, but the remedy was ineffectual—he had ruptured a blood-vessel on the lungs. After some delay—during which he transacted business, unaware of his extreme danger—he was conveyed to a hotel, where the best medical assistance that could be procured was employed in his behalf, but in vain. He expired, it is stated, on the third day after the accident.

The ballads and broadsides sold last week at Mr. Nicol's sale proved to be the duplicates of the famous Roxburgh collection. This was detected by Mr. Halliwell, by whom they were secured.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO PARIS.—PROCESSION ON THE BOULEVARDS DES ITALIENS.—(SEE PAGE 243.)

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

(From our Artist and Special Correspondent.)

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, AUG. 11, 1855.

THE protracted tediousness of the siege of Sebastopol—the increased difficulties which meet us at every moment as we advance—the augmenting numbers of our killed and wounded in the trenches—arrest the subjects for repetition and comment this week as they were last. The confidence of the Russians is apparently as great as ever it was; and, when they showed one of our officers—their prisoner, Captain Montagu—the Redan some days ago, their officers expressed their conviction that Sebastopol could not be taken. That Sebastopol must be captured is, however, the determination of our Generals; and in the pursuit of their object they are not to be deterred by any obstacles. Notwithstanding the persistence of the enemy, his continual shelling and the dangers to which working parties are exposed, the advanced parallels are assuming a favourable aspect. The ground, as we advance, is more and more rocky as we approach the town, so that they cannot be made strong enough, unless earth-bags are brought from a distance. The boldest of our men crawl in the dark nights to the outer and unprotected side, and there, amid the din and crash of shells, which burst into red-hot particles like huge sparks from a giant anvil, they labour and strengthen the works. So great appears at this moment to be the quantity of ammunition in possession of the enemy, that they have resumed a habit in which they indulged at first; and at short intervals in the night the furthest camps of the Second and Light Divisions are visited by 34-pounders, which roll in among the tents, and far beyond the famed windmill, up to which of old they had not been able to reach. Deserters, from the Russians, of whom there are great numbers, tell us that guns which can no longer hold on their carriages, or have been condemned for other reasons, are imbedded in the ground, fired by a train of powder, and thus gifted with the tremendous force which enables the shot to be projected to a great distance without danger to the artillerymen. It is supposed, from the vast number of carts which enter Sebastopol, and which one does not see issuing out again, that they are vehicles of the rudest construction, taken to pieces and burnt on their arrival, whilst the cattle are either sent back in droves, or consumed as food for the army. For five days past the Russian fire has been heavier, perhaps, than we have known it in the intervals of regular bombardments. It consists chiefly of mortar-shells, which are thrown from all the works; and, amongst the rest, from the summit of Fort Constantine, where a mortar-battery was lately erected. Our losses from these projectiles cannot be short of 800 killed and wounded per month. Sickness, on the other hand, is not abating, and shows itself especially amongst the newest draughts which arrive here. The 72nd, amongst the rest, has been seriously visited, having had in the course of one week twenty-four deaths in a draught of 250 men. In the midst of all this General Simpson is gaining golden opinions by his care, his activity, and his determination to see everything and attend to all. He is continually seen everywhere visiting and encouraging all.

Omer Pacha, who left the Crimea ostensibly for the purpose of obtaining from the Ministry at Constantinople permission to take the direction of the Asiatic war, has not since returned hither, and will, it is said, surrender his command into other hands. After the Bulgarian campaign in which Omer Pacha's fame had been raised by the successful resistances of Oltenitza, Kalfat, and Silistria, and the occupation of Bucharest, there was but one laurel that the Turkish Generalissimo wished to add to those he had already won. He wanted to take part in a pitched battle, where his soldiers might finally establish a reputation of good fighters in the field. The inglorious successes of campaigns in Kurdistan, the mountain warfare of the Bosnian and Montenegrin insurrection had not been of a kind to test this, and it seemed likely, as the spring of this year had opened vigorously with a bombardment, which cost the Russians 7000 men, that the operations of the siege, conducted by the Allies, would be sufficiently speedy to enable the united forces of the English, French, Turks, and Sardinians to force the heights occupied by the reserves of the enemy. Having been asked for the support of a small body of troops to co-operate in any movement which might be made in the open field, in the event of speedy successes, Omer Pacha, anxious for distinction, brought a larger force than had been required of him, and spent his time in marching back and forward from Balaclava to Ba-dar, failing in all efforts to draw the Russians from their positions, which touch Aloupka on the right, and have their centre at Bagchaserai. It was not for this that Omer Pacha came out. His old rival Muehir Ismail Pacha, who refused the chief command in Asia that he might take that of the Crimean corps, fell back upon the command of the armies in Bulgaria, and chuckled now, no doubt, at finding that no general engagement had been fought. Omer Pacha, foiled here, and perhaps not finding among his European colleagues that condescension to his views which he hoped to obtain, saw, in the advance of the Russians to the investment of Kars, a new field for exertion in that part of the Sultan's dominions where failure had hitherto been the rule, and where he might hope that success would be the result of his presence. The Russians, however, alarmed I believe by a movement of the Circassians against Tiflis, which would have placed the force before Kars in an undesirable position, and not having even the thousandth part of the supplies which are so plentiful in the town of Sebastopol, in the shape of siege guns and ammunition, retired from the investment which they had commenced, and fell back, leaving to the Asiatic campaign in its turn no possibility of being signalled by great deeds. Omer Pacha remains for the present at Constantinople, and if he does not soon resume his command here, is to be succeeded by Muehir Abdü Pacha, a soldier of European instruction, whose military star has not hitherto been a happy one. The only known events in his career are his failures last year in Asia.

You may remember amongst the men who particularly showed bravery at the passage of the Danube last year, Colonel Ogilvie, of General Cannon's staff. He saw much service during the winter at Eupatoria, where he defended a redoubt with his regiment during the attack of the Russians. I regret to tell you that a few days back this officer, who was on the eve of returning to England, died of cholera after a short illness of twelve hours.

Whilst we are expending daily efforts in the endeavour to destroy the Russian ships of war, which week after week present their broadsides in hostile array at us, safely confident of the strength given them by their thick linings of earth-bags,—whilst interminable protocols make the annihilation of Russian naval power in the Black Sea the *sine quâ non* of peace,—we hear that another fleet, larger than that which floats in the waters of Sebastopol, has been launched at Nikolaieff. We are told of a three-decker just off the stocks, and six or seven ships, all of which may be armed by simply moving them down the river. If this be true, is it not extraordinary that steps were not taken to pay a visit to the celebrated dockyard of Nikolaieff? Are Kinburn and Otchakov fortresses that effectually close the mouths of the Bug and Dnieper? I am not aware that this is so; nor do I believe that any attempt has been made to try the possibility of entering the strait defended by these works. Yet we have ships fit enough, and men determined enough, for such a service. Well may the Russians think themselves invincible, if we permit them to build a new fleet before we have succeeded in destroying the old.

Other letters and despatches have been received from the Crimea, but they contain very little additional information. On the 11th, which was only five days before the battle of the Tchernaya, the Sardinians were said to be "hard at work, fortifying their position, which is certainly a rather exposed one, being just on the hills where the Russians could cross the river." The forethought which made them prepare for the threatened

attack has been amply justified. Regarding the alleged aggressive intentions of the Russians, the same correspondent says:—

Scarcely has the last report of a meditated attack by the Russians died away when it is again revived. They are said to be only expecting reinforcements, which most of the deserters call the militia, evidently meaning troops from the military colonies with which Russia abounds. Already, some time ago, a list of volunteers was opened for the passage of the Tchernaya, but it seems not to have met with great favour in the eyes of the troops. One of the deserters says that in his regiment, which was the most enthusiastic, only 320 men offered themselves; in other regiments even fewer, so that on the whole the number of volunteers did not amount to more than 10,000 men. This number would not be very formidable, but, of course they will be in case of an attack supported by those who have not volunteered.

Nearly all deserters speak of the shortness of supplies in Sebastopol; indeed, there now seems every reason to believe that it was the desperation caused by the prospect of half rations which led to the late attack. On this head the *Post* of Thursday says:—

We have, more than ever, reason to believe that the Russian forces in the Crimea are suffering intensely from want of food and necessary supplies; and that this, combined with other causes, assures their speedy expulsion from Sebastopol and the south of the Crimea.

THE BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA.

In part of our last week's impression we gave a brief telegraphic announcement of the signal defeat of the Russians on the 16th inst. Since then other despatches have been received from the Crimea, which more than confirm the first report. The loss of the enemy turns out to have been much greater than was at first supposed, while that of the Allies is comparatively small.

This is partly owing to the fact that the latter were thoroughly on their guard against a surprise. Some weeks ago various Russian deserters apprised the Allied Commanders that the enemy meditated an assault upon the line of the Tchernaya. Acting on the warning, while suspecting that it had no foundation, because it seemed an act of madness to assail the Allies, so strongly posted and so well prepared, the Commanders kept the covering army in a state of constant vigilance; and, as General Simpson stated in a recent despatch, frequent reconnaissances were made in the direction of the Russian positions. He rightly guessed, too, that they would maintain their central posts on the plateau of the Belbec; and although General Pelissier and himself evidently entertained the idea of an attack upon the Tchernaya as a possibility, they could hardly have looked upon it as probable, because it would be so perilous. It seems, however, that the deserters were right; that reinforcements had come up, and that an offensive movement was meditated and arranged.

The line of the Tchernaya is well adapted for a defensive position, but it would not probably have arrested the onset either of French or English troops. The river breaks through the mountains near Tchorgoun, and runs along a pleasant valley, passes under the heights of Inkerman, where the valley narrows to a gorge, and flows into the Bay of Sebastopol. From Tchorgoun to Inkerman the ground on the left bank slopes upwards from the river, the hills approaching nearer to the river than they do on the right bank. At Tchorgoun and at Traktir bridges span the stream, and a few miles to the west of Traktir there is a ford. The lines occupied by the French and Sardinians extend from the ridge in the rear of the plateau of Sebastopol, along the slopes of the hills, across the Simpheropol road, up to Tchorgoun. Four French divisions occupied the left and centre of the position, defending the ford and the bridge of Traktir; while on the right the Sardinians held the ground above Tchorgoun, with the Turks in their rear at Kamara. The Russian troops had to descend from the Mackenzie ridge and deploy, partly on a high hill much further removed from the Tchernaya than the rising ground occupied by the Allies, and partly on the more level country through the midst of which runs the Simpheropol road. The Allies, therefore, occupied a position from which artillery could play with good effect upon troops attempting to pass the river, while the enemy were under the disadvantage of moving upon lower ground before they could come to comparatively close quarters with the Allies. Moreover, the latter had time to make themselves completely masters of the position; the Sardinians, especially, had covered their front with earthworks calculated to sustain the shock of superior numbers. Except so far as numbers were concerned the position was that of the Alma reversed, and the result proved the great inferiority of the Russians under such circumstances.

It was at dawn that the Russians came on, under the leadership of Gortschakoff, displaying, as the sun rose, the imposing masses of an army of 60,000 men, including 6000 horse and twenty batteries. The principal weight of the attack was directed against the bridge that crosses the river at Traktir; but the losses of the Sardinians show that the enemy's left must have been hotly engaged with the gallant Italians. It may be inferred that the enemy persisted obstinately in his efforts to force the bridge of Traktir, for we are told that he left many of his dead there. The battle had lasted three hours, and then the enemy, already defeated, seeing the reserves of the Allies marching up to the scene of action, retreated on Mackenzie's Farm. General La Marmora says he has 200 men put *hors de combat*. General Pelissier, in a despatch to the French Minister of War, says:—

August 17, Half-past 11 p.m.

In the attack of yesterday the enemy came forward with five divisions, 6000 horse and twenty batteries, determined to occupy the Tediouchine mountains. After passing the river at several points, they had brought up an immense accumulation of sapping tools, planks, madders, fascines, and ladders, all which they abandoned in their flight. According to its usual custom, our artillery fought bravely and with great success. An English battery of position on the Piedmontese hill afforded very efficient assistance. The Russians left on the field at least 2500 dead. Thirty-five of their officers and 1620 soldiers are in our ambulances. Three Russian Generals were killed. We have made besides 400 prisoners. Our loss consists of 181 dead and 810 wounded. Tixier, Darbois, Alpy, and Saint Remy are severely wounded; De Polhes and Barthe less severely; and Gagneur has only received a slight wound.

A despatch dated Sunday last from General Pelissier gives the following estimate of the Russian loss:—

The nearest return we could make gives the following results:—Russians buried by the French, 2129; by the Russians, 1200; total, 3329.

THE WAR IN ASIA.

On the 15th of July the Russians made a grand demonstration against Kars: their object was to cover and bring safely into camp an enormous convoy of provisions, which had been sent on to them from Alexandropol. From that day to the 21st all was quiet, but General Mouraviev was drawing closer round the place. For effecting this operation he has at his disposal thirty-two battalions of infantry, one battalion of chasseurs, one of engineers, three regiments of dragoons, two regiments of Cossack regulars, some Bash-bozouks of the Chirvan district, and some Armenian militia, besides eighty pieces of cannon; the whole commanded by ten generals. This army may be computed to be from thirty-five to forty thousand strong. It is divided round Kars, having a radius of about three leagues. It forms four corps, is independent of the division occupying Sohanli-Dagh, and is throwing up fortifications at Unkar-Douzi.

The Turkish forces are divided into two corps, under the chief command of the Muehir Vasif Pacha. The first corps, that of Kars, consists of four divisions—viz., that of General Kmetty (Ismail Pacha), 4500 strong; secondly, that of Lemail Bey, 3000 strong; thirdly, a division of 4000 men, fourthly, another of 3500 men. The second army corps, commanded by Mehemet Pacha, Governor General of Erzeroum, which has 1500 men, who are irregulars, and are commanded by Takir Pacha; that of Kupukeni, 10,000 strong, but also irregulars, and commanded by Veli Pacha; lastly, that of Altı, 3000 strong, who likewise are irregulars, and are commanded by Ali Pacha.

The *Österreichische Correspondenz* publishes a letter from Constantinople of the 13th and 16th inst., in which it is stated that the postal communications between Kars and Erzeroum was interrupted on the 7th inst., that the Russians had advanced as far as Kapricio on the road to Erzeroum, and that ten thousand Bash-bozouks had arrived at the latter place.

SEVERAL newly-constructed mills, on wheels, with shafts, for the purpose of grinding corn for the army, have been forwarded to the Crimea.

THE HEAD-DRESS OF A SOLDIER.—Jacob Omnium reports the opinion of an Algerine veteran in favour of the *kepi* as a head-dress:—"It is cheap and light; it is stiff enough to stand clear of the crown of the head. The broad shade in front, when turned down, protects the eyes from the sun, and, when turned up, prevents the folds of a hood or *burnous*, if worn over it, from falling down over the face. It forms, too, an admirable basis for a turban. Besides, the men like it."

Out of the eight gold medals to be given for the best colonial products, the British colonies came in for five of the awards, as follows:—The East India Company, Canada, British Guiana, New South Wales, Jamaica, Tunis, and Algeria, which latter colony receives two medals.

OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

DESPATCH FROM GENERAL SIMPSON.

War Department, Aug. 20.

Lord Panmure has this day received a despatch and its enclosures, of which the following are copies, addressed to his Lordship by General Simpson:—

Before Sebastopol, Aug. 7.

My Lord,—Since the 5th instant nothing has occurred to form the subject of a despatch.

I have the honour to enclose the list of casualties to the 5th instant. I regret to have to inform your Lordship of the death of Colonel Cobbe, 4th Regiment, which took place yesterday. He was an excellent officer, and is a serious loss to her Majesty's service.

Captain Layard, 38th Regiment, Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, died this morning of diarrhoea, on board the steamer *Faith*, in Balaclava harbour, to which ship he had been removed in the hopes of benefiting his health. I have, &c. JAMES SIMPSON, General Commanding.

The Lord Panmure, &c.

OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND PRIVATES, KILLED AND WOUNDED FROM THE 3RD TO THE 5TH AUGUST, 1855, INCLUSIVE.

KILLED.

1st Battalion 1st Foot: Lance-Corporal Michael Horan, 77th Foot: Private William Conolly, 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade: Private John Delaney, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards: Private Thomas Miller, 1st Battalion Scots Fusilier Guards: Private Daniel Thompson, 31st Foot: Colour-Sergeant Thomas Behan, Private Henry Oaten, 38th: Sergeant H. M'Chee, 19th: Private George Moore, 33rd Foot: Private Edward Ryan, 46th: Private Michael Spencer, 55th Sergeant Maurice M'Grath.

WOUNDED.

1st Battalion Scots Fusilier Guards: Captain Hon. W. C. W. Coke, slight contusion, 55th Foot: Lieutenant C. H. Evans, dangerously.

August 3.—1st Battalion 1st Foot: Privates Thomas Seville, dangerously; George Reeves, severely; James Mathews, slightly. 17th Foot: Private William Dowdall, slightly. 23rd: Privates John Fowler, severely; David Richardson, dangerously. 50th: Sergeant James Stevenson, severely. 59th: Private George Clarke, slightly. 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade: Private William Russell, severely; William Davies, slightly.

August 4.—3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards: Privates John Pullen, William Holyrood, severely; George Withall, Charles Shepherd, slightly. 1st Battalion Scots Fusilier Guards: Private Thomas Burns, slightly. 1st Battalion 1st Foot: Privates Charles Nichols, William Salisbury, slightly. 18th Foot: Privates James Cantlin, severely; John Stanley, Thomas Medhurst, Daniel O'Connell, slightly. 21st: Lance-Corporal George Edwin, severely; 31st: Sergeant James Forest, Corporal William Roberts, Privates Edward Lessons, William Critchley, Thomas Caddell, Michael Sheridan, John Weekly, Henry Walton, slightly; James Weir, severely. 41st: Corporal John Crendon, Martin O'Dea, slightly; Privates G. P. Gee, William Mannix, severely. 42nd: Lance-Corporal Robert Ingram, severely. 44th: Private James Dugan, slightly. 47th: Private James Anderson, slightly. 55th: Sergeants Robert M'Garry, Patrick Callaghan, Lance-Sergeant Benjamin Rodick, slightly; Corporal Daniel Tierney, severely; Private Jeremiah Leary, severely; William Mortie, Wm. Hanley, Wm. Dagan, Edward Bloomfield, Thomas Steadman, Thomas Graham, Thomas O'Reilly, Henry Adams, James M'Cann, John Cronan, William Mara, Michael Conway, John Cain, slightly. 62nd: Private James Stranford, dangerously. 63rd: Privates Richard Caffrey, Francis Lakey, Richard Mulcahey, slightly. 72nd: Lance-Sergeant John M'Gillivray, slightly; Privates John Campbell, severely; Hugh McKee, dangerously. 79th: Private Robert Rea, slightly; John Ughart, dangerously. 80th: Corporal Matthew Burke, dangerously. 95th: Private James Swan, slightly.

Aug. 5.—3rd Foot: Sergeant Thomas Creaven, Privates Thomas Milton, Duncan McCrae, slightly. 7th: Privates James Johnson, Henry Birch, William Clements, slightly. 17th: Private Michael Walsh, slightly. 23rd: Private Levi Ball, slightly. 30th: Private Matthew Long, slightly. 31st: Private Joseph Kennon, slightly. 33rd: Private Denis Ryan, mortally. Patrick Brazil, Thomas Walker, dangerously. 34th: Private James Thompson, slightly. 38th: Privates Joseph Lionahan, Patrick Mayle, slightly. 44th: Private John Leahy, severely. 77th: Private William Carr, slightly. 90th: Private Joseph Crowrick, slightly. 95th: Privates George Shearman, dangerously, John Smith, slightly. 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade: Private Thomas Hathaway, slightly.

SUPPLEMENTARY RETURN.—31st Foot: Lieut Charles Prevost, slightly.

DESPATCH FROM ADMIRAL LYONS.

Admiralty, August 18, 1855.

The Despatch, of which the following is a copy, has been received from Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart., G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's ships and vessels in the Mediterranean and Black Sea:—

Royal Albert, off Sebastopol, August 4, 1855.

Sir,—In continuation of the proceedings of the squadron in the Sea of Azoff since those which were reported in my letter of the 30th ultimo (No. 613), I have the honour to inclose, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a copy of a letter from Commander Sherard Osborn, of the *Vesuvius*, the senior officer in that sea, reporting to me the steps he had taken to harass the enemy as much as possible, and to punish him at Berdiansk for having fired at some of our people, although the town had been previously spared on the plea of its being defenceless.

Commander Osborn does not fail to point out and to do justice to the merits of the officers by whom he has been so ably seconded; and he particularly mentions Commander Rowley Lambert, of the *Curlew*, the officer next in seniority to himself, who has on all occasions been conspicuous for his activity and gallantry.

Commander Osborn has also on several occasions borne the highest testimony to the merits of those gallant officers, Lieutenant William Horton, commanding the *Ardent*, and Lieutenant John E. Commerell, commanding the *Wesur*. I am, &c., (Signed) EDMUND LYONS, Rear-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief.

The Secretary of the Admiralty, &c.

With reference to the above despatch, the undermentioned officers have this day been promoted:—Commander Sherard Osborn to be Captain; Lieutenant William Horton to be Commander.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE BRITISH FOREIGN LEGION.—On Wednesday last the Duke of Cambridge, the Premier and Lady Palmerston, Lord Panmure, Mr. F. Peel, the Earl of Cardigan, and other military and civil officials, arrived at Dover by special train, and were received with a salute from the heights, and at the station by Colonel Kinloch, Major Mildmay, Colonel Commandant Streathfield, Captain M'Ilwaine, R.N., and a guard of honour. Thence they proceeded in carriages to the western heights, where the Swiss Legion, comprising 1200 men, were drawn up, and from Lady Palmerston received their first colours, with the usual ceremonies. The fine body of troops received their colours with great enthusiasm, and one of the officers addressed the distinguished visitors, and then the Swiss, with much eloquence and good feeling. The men then marched past in review order, and subsequently were dismissed, to partake of an entertainment of roast beef and good ale, provided for them on benches on the heights. The distinguished visitors, attended by Colonel Kinloch and Major Mildmay, left for Sandling Park, near Stornellife, where Lady Palmerston also presented the colours to the brigade of the British German Legion, under Colonel Woolridge. The Baron Stutterheim, the Commander-in-Chief of the legion, received the Duke and their Lordships. After the ceremony, Mr. Raikes Currie, M.P., entertained at the park the whole of the officers at a grand déjeuner; and the whole of the legion, 3000 men, were regaled in the same manner as the Swiss, at the expense of a county subscription. Colonel Dickson, Colonel Stulzbrogger, Colonel Raynes, Major Lydham, and the officers of the Swiss Legion gave an elegant luncheon, in a spacious marquee on the heights, to a select party of visitors.

MESSRS. W. and T. SMITH, of Shields, have nearly completed, and will have ready for sea this week, a powerful iron screw-steamer, named the *Chasseur*, which is fitting up as a floating factory for the army in the Crimea. Her arrangements are most complete and ample, and artisans will be able to execute any kind of iron work on board of her. Between decks is laid out as a large iron fitting shop, which is furnished with machinery of the latest improvements, consisting of drilling-machines, shaping-machines, and slotting-machines. She has also several smiths' forges, and four blast-furnaces, two circular saw benches, and a cupola for cast-iron and brass founding. In addition to her marine engine a 10-horse portable engine will drive the machinery; and the workmen she takes with her will have ample accommodation, with baths, &c. The artisans engaged to go out with her are engine-fitters, blacksmiths, brass-finishers, cast-iron and brass founders, house carpenters, shoemakers, and gun-carriage and wheel makers. A party of miners also proceed with her, for the purpose of being engaged in sinking wells for the supply of water for the army. They have a complete set of mining apparatus. The machinery has been procured from the best factories in London, Liverpool, and Manchester, and has been fitted up with much care, under the superintendence of Captain Collinson, R.N., and Colonel Tulloch and Mr. Anderson, surveyor of machinery from Woolwich.

The erection of a large range of wooden huts at Pembroke Dockyard is now rapidly proceeding, a number being finished. These barracks are to be capable of accommodating 1000 men, with their officers and staff. The contract with the Board of Ordnance specified that they were to be finished in six weeks. The launch of the *Repulse*, 90 guns, is to take place during the spring tides of next month.

The *Glanton* floating battery, accompanied by the *Horatio*, 24, put into Falmouth on the 18th; they would seize a favourable opportunity of getting to sea, to cross the Bay of Biscay in as smooth water as possible. The *Glanton* is highly spoken of, and as having done exceedingly well.

GOVERNMENT has decided upon erecting barracks on an extensive scale at the foot of the new bridge at Ranelagh; and the troops will be able to drill in the new park at Battersea.

THE screw-steamer *Baron Von Humboldt* left Malta for London on the evening of the 10th, conveying eighty-four return navvies from the Crimea.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM EYRE, K.C.B., has been appointed to the command of the Third Division in the Crimea; and his successor in the command of the Second Brigade of that Division is Colonel Charles Trollope, of the 62nd Regiment.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SVEABORG.

By the arrival of letters and despatches from the Baltic we are now in possession of ample details relating to the bombardment of Sveaborg. It was on the 7th instant that the English fleet sailed for that fortress. At 9.30 a.m. signal was made from the flagship, "Outward and leeward-most ships weigh." The fleet, consisting of nine British line-of-battle ships, thirteen steam-frigates and sloops, sixteen mortar-vessels, and an equal number of gun-boats, sailed from Nargen, and after a pleasant run of five hours anchored at a distance of about 5000 yards from the fortress of Sveaborg. In the course of the same evening the French fleet joined, and immediately commenced throwing up a mortar battery on the island of Langörn, situate some 2000 yards to the north of the cluster of five islands which form the principal part of the fortress of Sveaborg. Next day, the 8th, both fleets were busily employed preparing for action; the mortar-vessels were towed into position, about 3700 yards from the fortress, with 400 fathoms each of cable to "haul and veer on," as circumstances might require. This arrangement proved of the greatest advantage, and much credit is due to the originator of it. The line-of-battle ships remained in the same order they had at first anchored in. The steamers *Magicienne*, *Vulture*, and *Euryalus*, took up a position in rear of the mortar-vessels, for the purpose of being ready to give them and the gun-boats any assistance they might require. The *Lightning* and *Locust* were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to tow out any gun or mortar vessels that might be injured, or otherwise rendered incapable of remaining longer under fire; in fact, every possible arrangement having been made which prudence and foresight could suggest, the signal was made from the flagship at 7.15 on the morning of the 9th, "Gun and mortar vessels open fire with shell."

At 7.30 a.m. the first mortar was fired, and taken up along the whole line, the gun-boats running in to within 3000 yards, and getting their range. The enemy returned our fire very briskly with red-hot shot and shell; but, although their range was good, the damage inflicted was comparatively trifling, owing principally to the excellent handling of the gun-boats and mortar-vessels—the former being continually on the move, and the latter

hauling or veering on their 400-fathom cable as soon as they found the Russian shot falling too close to be pleasant. At 10.20 the first Russian magazine exploded, and a fire broke out in the Arsenal. About noon a second magazine exploded; and at 12.15 a most terrific explosion took place, followed by a succession of minor ones. The force of this was so immense that a battery of guns *en barbette* was literally blown to pieces. At 12.40 more magazines exploded; at this time, the dockyards, arsenal, barracks, all the Government buildings, storehouses, &c., were burning furiously. The sight was most grandly imposing. The yards and poops of the line-of-battle ships were crowded with the excited "tars," who cheered vociferously after every explosion, as only British sailors know how to cheer. To add to this frightful din, the liners *Cornwallis* and *Hastings*, and steam-frigate *Amphion*, opened their broadsides at the same moment; and, as if to crown the whole, the *Arrogant*, *Cossack*, and *Cruiser* chimed in with this tremendous chorus, by commencing a heavy fire, with good effect, on a large body of troops which they chanced to spy on a small island to the eastward of the fortress. The cannonade continued with little abatement up to eight o'clock p.m., when the gun-boat recall was hoisted. Several of the mortar-vessels were also found to be injured from the quick and incessant firing, and had to be brought out to undergo repairs; those, however, which were not damaged, still kept up their fire, in conjunction with the French mortar battery, until 10.30 p.m., at which hour the rocket-boats from the fleet went in and kept up their part of the performance until daylight. The scene during the night was grand beyond description: the whole of Sveaborg appeared one mass of flame, the rockets and shells adding not a little to the awful splendour of the fiery landscape.

At 5.30 a.m., on the 10th, the fire again opened from our whole line, and continued throughout the day, at the end of which little appeared left to be done; all the mortars, French and English, were more or less injured. Some idea, however, of the services rendered by these vessels may be gathered from the fact that during the two days' bombardment not less than 1000 tons of iron were thrown into a space of about half a mile in diameter by the English vessels alone, and that upwards of 100 tons of powder were expended.

On Friday night, the 10th inst., the rocket-boats again went in and played with great effect. On Saturday no firing took place, and Sunday was a day of rest. On that day everything was quiet and in repose. The tolling of the bells at Helsingfors was distinctly heard; the dull and plaintive sounds, mingled with the strains of sacred music from our men-

of-war, came floating over the calm waters, and offered a soothing contrast to the noise, turmoil, and excitement of the two preceding days.

At six a.m. on the 13th all the fleet got under way from off what remains of Sveaborg, and, crossing the Gulf in a rather irregular manner, anchored in Revel roads again at noon. At the time they left the fortress, once so renowned and formidable, was still on fire, having burnt almost without interruption during the space of three days and a half.

One hundred and sixty gun-boat sheds, many with row-boats in them, were totally burnt, as were also the Government rope-walk, storehouses, dockyard, barracks, main guard, and signal station. The fire was so hot and the practice so admirable, that the three-decker moored across the entrance, after having several shot in her, was forced to haul out of her position, and take shelter behind the stone walls. The value of public property destroyed is estimated at £2,000,000.

Admiral Dundas gives a long account of the proceedings, but he does not attempt to give any account of the amount of damage inflicted on the enemy. Admiral Pensaud, in a despatch to the French Minister of Marine, dated August 11, says:—

The bombardment ceased this morning at half-past four; it consequently lasted for two days and two nights, during which time Sveaborg presented the appearance of a vast fiery furnace. The fire, which still continues its ravages, has destroyed nearly the whole place, and consumed storehouses, magazines, barracks, different Government establishments, and a great quantity of stores for the arsenal. The fire of our mortars was so accurate that the enemy, fearing that the three-decker which was moored across the channel between Sveaborg and the island of Back-Holmer would be destroyed, had her brought into the port during the night. The Russians have received a serious blow and losses, the more severe, as on the side of the Allied squadron the loss is confined to one English sailor killed and a few slightly wounded. The enemy's forts returned our fire very vigorously, and did not slacken it until the moment of the explosions above-mentioned, but the precision of our long-range guns gave us an incontestable superiority over those of the Russians. Every one in the division fulfilled his duty with ardour, devotion, and courage; the crews evinced admirable enthusiasm, and have deserved well of the Emperor and of the country. I am perfectly satisfied with the means of action placed at my disposal. The mortar-vessels and gun-boats rendered immense services, and they fully realize everything that was expected from them. The siege battery produced very fine results, and it may be said that it was from an enemy's island, on which we had hoisted the French flag, that the most destructive shots were fired.



PLAN OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF SVEABORG.

The following graphic account of the bombardment is from our Artist, who was present from the commencement:—

We opened fire on the Russian batteries at 7.25 a.m. on Thursday morning, at a range from them of between 3000 and 3020 yards distance. There seemed a little delay on the part of the Russians: they appeared to be making sure of their aim, for they did not return fire until 7.30, when the firing became general on both sides. There appeared no advantage on either side until 10 a.m., when a large house took fire. This seemed to cheer our tars, for I thought their firing fiercer. At 10.25 the first grand explosion took place, which went up with a terrific effect. Through the kindness of our Captain I had got a splendid point of view on a rock facing the scene of action, and out of range. As the first eruption stimulated the men engaged, so it did the whole fleet, for simultaneously a stunning cheer was vented forth by every man in the fleet. All seemed going on well: flames began to appear in various parts of the town. While the *Arrogant*, *Magicienne*, and *Cruiser* were peppering away, scouring through a wood on the left, the *Hastings* and two other vessels were firing away briskly at forts on the island of Sandhamn on the right. These wings of action, with the centre occupied with the constant fire of the French battery, and conjointly our and their gun and mortarboats, blazing away in a manner worthy of the two great nations, made the scene a stirring one. At 11.15 another sublime explosion and another heartfelt cheer must have been seen and heard to have been estimated. At 12.15 the grandest of all the explosions took place, shaking the earth. It was a long succession of explosions, with a heavy black inky smoke; and, as another explosion went into it, it looked like transparent vermilion endeavouring to displace clouds of black velvet. This scene was terrific: it seemed as if hell had burst open to destroy. At 3.30 the citadel was on fire, covering a very large surface with heavy lashing flames coming from many parts. At 6.30 the centre of the town was all on fire. At 10.9 the rocket-boats commenced their business of havoc. The sight was grand. With a hissing noise, like serpents the rockets flew about with a curious eccentric motion, circle intercepting circle. After each boat firing on an average about sixty rockets, they retired to their respective ships, having received little or no damage, although shot, shell, and rockets were returned upon them.

On the Friday the mortar and gun-boats went at it as on the day before. Although they had known no rest all night—keeping up the

firing, and reloading with shot, shell, and ammunition had occupied all their time—the commanders and their crews felt no desire to sleep. I talked with many, and they all were full of energy and fire. There was a great endeavour to set fire to two ships that were so placed by the enemy that you could not get near them with impunity, for the batteries so well protected them. Captain Hewlett, who commanded the Lancaster guns, hit one of them more than once, and she was on fire, but they managed to escape; and the three-decker was withdrawn from action higher up the harbour out of our range. About 3 p.m. there was the largest conflagration—about sixty sheds on fire, with several ships on the stocks; and where the town was not on fire there issued a deep yellow-brown dense smoke, which contrasted beautifully with the other smoke and flames in all their freshness. The burning continued all day; at night it was beautiful. The fire from the enemy considerably slackened. We and the French kept up the play until 4 a.m. on the Saturday morning, when the order of recall was given, and at that time our mortar-boats were much knocked up, there being, upon examination, only four of them left efficient for further service; all the guns, also, in the gun-boats getting into a dangerous state from the frequency of firing. The mortar-boats fired away 3099 13-inch shells, each weighing 210 lbs., and each falling with a weight of 75 tons. Besides 18 carcasses, there were 16 English gun-boats, which fired 11,200 shot and shell. The powder expended by the English was 156,000 lbs. The French threw 3000 10-inch shells, and expended 36,000 lbs. of powder; with 6000 shot and shell from their gun-boats, with an expenditure of 84,000 lbs. of powder: total from mortar-vessels, 6099 shells; total from gun-boats, 17,200—making a grand total of 23,299 shot and shell; with a grand total of powder of 240,000 lbs. Hurrah for England and France!

J. W. CARMICHAEL.

CASUALTIES ON BOARD THE BRITISH FLEET DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF SVEABORG, AUGUST 9, 1855.

WOUNDED.—*Amphion*: Mr. Charles Sturges, assistant-paymaster, John Breacher, leading seaman, severely; John Markham, A.B., slightly. *H.M.S. Cornwallis*: Mr. Frederick Bowen, mate, slightly; John Osborne, 1st class boy, severely; Edward Peters, quartermaster; William Brundy, ordinary seaman, slightly; John Coady, 2nd class boy, severely. *Robert Kitchener*, gunner's mate; John McGuire, marine, severely; John Axworthy, carpenter's crew; Thomas Hodge, carpenter's crew. *Edward Farrell*, leading seaman. *H.M.S. Hastings*: Joseph Hopkinson, A.B., severely; James Bowles, ordinary, slightly. *Euryalus*: John Bynon, captain maintop and rigging, slightly burnt in hands, arms, and feet; Robert Glason, A.B., coast guardsman, severely burnt in face and wrists; John Robinson, A.B., dangerously burnt in face and wrists; William Thompson, carpenter's crew, slightly burnt in arms and face, caused by a 24-pounder rocket tube bursting. *Fincher*: William Cousins, A.B., slight contusion of the knee. *Dapper*: Samuel Curtains, private, Royal Marines, hernia. *Redbreast*: Jacob Light, gunner, Royal Marine Artillery, slightly. *Vulture*: John Eldridge, leading seaman, dangerously; Henry Bailey, captain foretop, severely; Adolphus Reynolds, A.B.; Henry Searle, A.B.; William Odgers, A.B., severely; Lieut. R. B. Miller, very slightly; Mr. Horatio Packe, mate, slightly; Henry Wright, gunner's mate, Richard Fletcher, A.B., slightly. *Badger*: Thomas Burton, R.M., severely. *Thistle*: Joseph Bailey, private, R.M., slightly.

REFERENCES TO PLAN OF BOMBARDMENT OF SVEABORG.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Hastings, 72 guns. | 15. Gun-boats |
| 2. Cornwallis, 32 guns. | 16. Battery. |
| 3. Amphion, 26 guns. | 17. Sand-banks. |
| 4. Gun-boat. | 18. Lunatic Asylum. |
| 5. Magicienne, 16 guns. | 19. Cathedral. |
| 6. Vulture, 6 guns. | 20. Sunken ships. |
| 7. Euryalus, 51 guns. | 21. Cossack, 20 guns. |
| 8. Dragon. | 22. Cruiser, 20 guns. |
| 9. Gun-boat. | 23. Arrogant, 46 guns. |
| 10. Duke of Wellington, 131 guns. | 24. Three-decker. |
| 11. Exmouth. | 25. Three-decker—Admiral-ship. |
| 12. Gun-boats changing position. | 26. Two-decker. |
| 13. Do. do. | 27. Three-decker. |
| 14. Do. do. | |

ALLEGED BOMBARDMENT OF RIGA.

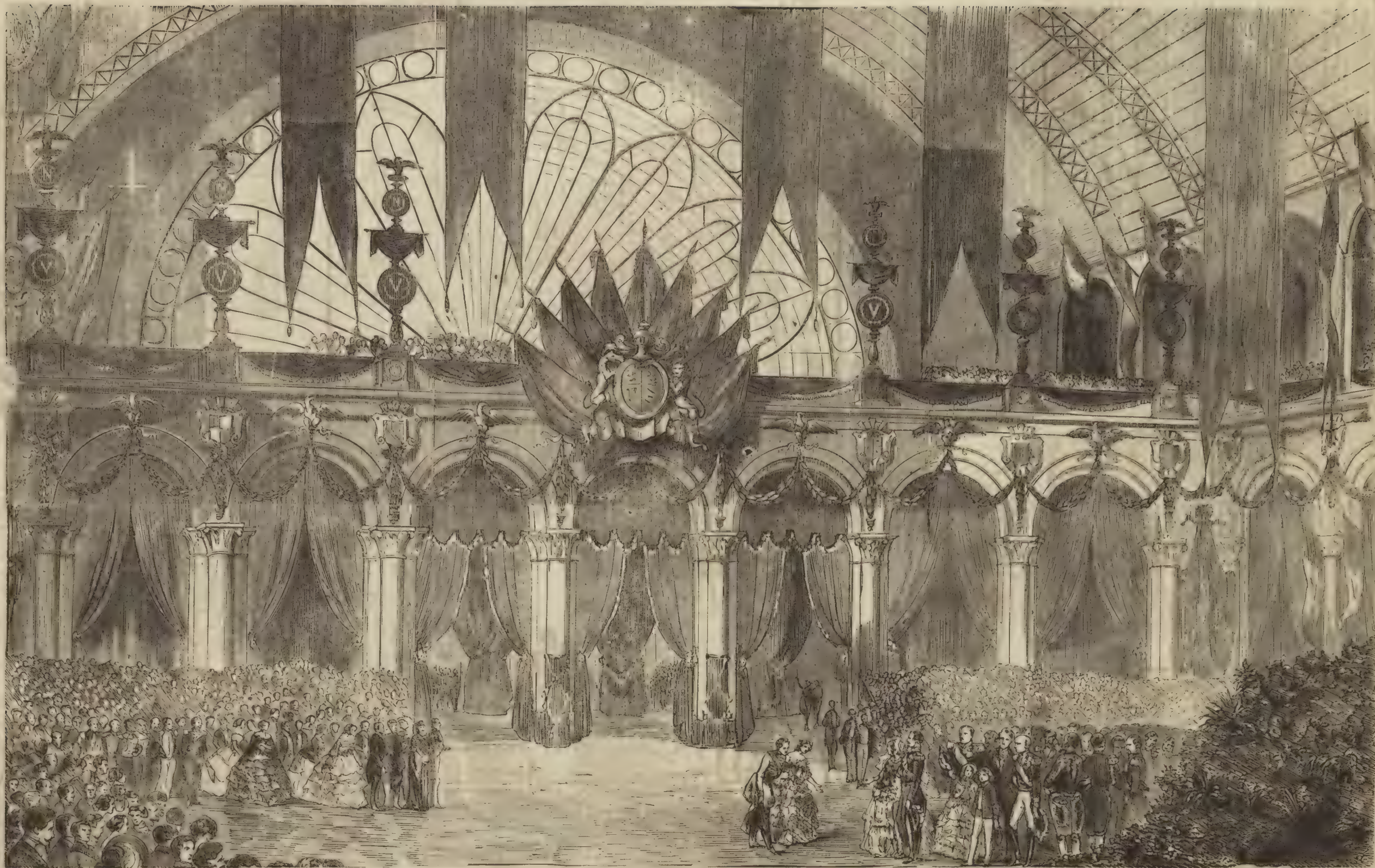
Private letters received at Hamburg from Riga state that about four o'clock on the morning of the 10th inst., two English steamers—a line-of-battle ship and a frigate—appeared off that port, and about an hour later, when at a distance of 1500 yards, they opened a heavy fire on the coast batteries, and the division of gun-boats anchored before them. The cannonade lasted for more than an hour, and about nine they stood out to sea, apparently in chase of a vessel that was sailing down the coast of Liefland. About three in the afternoon they went in again and renewed their bombardment at five o'clock, which lasted till dark, when they again proceeded to sea, and, up to the date of the letters had not appeared again. A few of the guns were dismounted in the batteries, otherwise the cannonade does not appear to have done much damage.

OUR NEW SIEGE WORKS.—A letter dated Camp, Aug. 6, says:—“Batteries are springing up on all sides; trenches are turned, approaches are made, and with a degree of stability that contrasts strongly with the puny defences thrown up formerly. We are nearly 300 yards nearer to the town than we were on the 18th ult., and our allies are within sixty yards of the ditch of the Malakoff, and thirty yards of the Little Redan. This latter work is situated on the proper (Russian) left of the Malakoff, between that fort and the Careening-bay Battery. The French have considered it of sufficient importance to merit a separate point of attack, and by most judicious and scientific engineering they are placing their approaches in such a position as to isolate the defence of the place and compel it to reserve for its own defence that fire which otherwise would tell most effectually towards the flanking defence of the Malakoff.”

The new arrangement by which all orders for Army clothing are to be sent to London has given rise to loud complaints in Dublin, although a small portion only of such orders was usually executed in Ireland.



ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL TRAIN AT THE STRASBOURG RAILWAY STATION, AT PARIS.—(SEE PAGE 243.)



RECEPTION OF HER MAJESTY AT THE STRASBOURG RAILWAY STATION, AT PARIS.—(SEE PAGE 213.)



PERFORMANCE BEFORE HER MAJESTY IN THE THEATRE OF THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.—(SEE PAGE 247.)



HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO PARIS.—THE IMPERIAL CENT GARDES.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

THE VOYAGE FROM OSBORNE.

THE Royal Visit to Paris, an event fraught with so much interest to the destinies of Europe, has set the seal to an alliance consecrated and cemented by the blood already shed in defence of civilisation. The news of the glorious successes of the French arms in the Crimea, which only preceded Her Majesty's departure by a few hours, the recent demonstration at Sveaborg by the Allied fleets, and the commencement of another bombardment of the Russian lines south of Sebastopol, were circumstances of such happy augury that the Queen seemed to carry victory and good fortune in her train; while the glorious harvest weather, with its associations of plenty, gave unbounded hope and joy to the Royal progress.

Her Majesty, with his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, went on board the *Victoria and Albert*, in Osborne Bay, at seven in the evening of Friday. The Royal party dined on board, and retired to rest at an early hour. At half-past four on Saturday morning the Royal yacht weighed anchor, and proceeded on her voyage. The *Victoria and Albert* was accompanied by her tender, the *Fairy*, and also by the *Irene* and *Vivid*, two of the Trinity-house steam-vessels—sister ships, celebrated for their speed. On board of these were several of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity-house, who availed themselves of the occasion of their Master (Prince Albert) passing along the shores and lighthouses under their supervision, to pay his Royal Highness a special honour. The morning was superb, the sky serene and bright, the sea unruffled, and so rapid was the motion of the yacht, that it was soon seen by those who had the direction of her that, unless her way was stopped, the Royal squadron would arrive at Boulogne before the preparations for the reception of its august freight were completed; or, of what was of more immediate consequence, before there was sufficient water in the harbour to allow the entrance of a vessel of such extraordinary size and tonnage as the *Victoria and Albert*.

At half-past eight the royal convey was off Beachy Head, and at ten off Dungeness. Hitherto, all the way from Osborne Bay, there had been something like a race (after their own quiet fashion) between the *Vivid*, the *Irene*, and the *Victoria and Albert*—the little *Fairy* bustling along after them as a young jockey on his pony watches and tends the race-horse in his trial of speed. Neither party had gained much on the other, but the merits and sea-going qualities of the new Royal yacht drew expressions of admiration as well from all on board as from those who watched her progress with pleased though jealous eyes. Off Dungeness the rate of speed was diminished, and the squadron slowly steamed along the coast, bearing slightly towards the French shore. At Fairleigh, the *Victoria and Albert*, in all its pride and freshness, came up with the old *Victoria and Albert* (now re-christened the *Osborne*), comparatively toiling like a drudge along that course over which its younger rival was careering swiftly. A boat from the *Victoria and Albert* visited the *Osborne*, which had left the Isle of Wight at twelve on the previous evening, and communicated fresh orders. The Royal squadron then proceeded on its course, and the Queen of England, leaving with her also the eldest hope of England, quitted her island home, escorted, as the Sovereign of the Seas should be, by a worthy fleet; but unlike most Sovereigns of England, who, thus accompanied, have sought the shores of France, bearing with her the olive-branch of peace, and journeying to share with her great ally in the triumph of industry, to aid in the development of those arts whose highest aim is the increase of domestic enjoyment, the advancement of commercial prosperity, and an addition to the happiness of all mankind.

THE PREPARATIONS AT BOULOGNE.

The preparations for the reception of the Royal party had begun on the previous day. Boulogne—always a holiday picture, with its long range of white hotels, and their green verandahs along the quay, welcoming the visitor as with a smile when he enters from the sea—put on its gayest looks on Friday morning, though it had scarcely recovered from the effect of the balls and processions of the Napoleon Fête on the previous afternoon. At two in the morning the *Rosamond*, 6, paddle-sloop, Commander Crofton, with two of her Majesty's carriages and some of the Royal servants on board—which had peeped in at the mouth of the harbour, but, finding a deficiency of water, had anchored off in the roads—sailed up to the quay and deposited her freight, making, at the same time, careful soundings and inquiries as to the capacity of the harbour to receive the Royal yacht at the particular spot pointed out in the programme of preparations. About eleven the whole town was in motion towards the quay, for at a distance the British fleet was seen advancing towards the roads. First came the *Fire Queen*, despatch-boat, at half-past eleven. The *Neptune*, 120 (flag-ship), and the *St. George*, 120, sailed majestically to their anchorage within two miles of the harbour. The *Sanspareil*, 71, followed next; and, as she steamed up, drew many an observation regarding the gallant position she took up before the batteries at the entrance of Sebastopol harbour. Soon afterwards the *Melacca*, 17, the *Iola*, 6, and the *Sprightly*, steam-tender, arrived; and the ten vessels, including the *Rosamond*, took up their position in a line at a distance of from one to three miles from the harbour. This was accomplished at half-past one; the vessels saluting the fort, which, however, did not return the salute until gun-fire. The Royal fleet was speedily the centre of a crowd of boats, of all dimensions—steam, sailing, and rowing; and, to add to the brilliant effect of the sea-view, about twenty yachts ran out of the harbour together to witness a regatta got up for the occasion, for the prize in which twelve of their number were about to contest.

Every eye was delighted for the time in gazing on so pretty a spectacle from the shore, as they might well be. The 200 English visitors who landed about three o'clock from the Folkestone packet to witness the animated scene on the quay, the bright-coloured uniforms of the soldiery contrasting with the prayer costumes of the civilians, and the light toilettes of the ladies—all was bustle and gaiety. The streets were thronged with country visitors in every variety of costume. The limonadier, with his jingling bells and acid drinks at his back; the fishwoman, with nets on shoulder and bare legs; the village curé with broad hat and rosy cheeks; the omnibus, with the bells jingling on their harness; the hurrying aide-de-camp; the wandering harpist and his faded prima donna; the tall tambour-major, and the short but sprightly vivandière; the red-faced Englishman, the stolid Dutchman, the vapouring Belgian, the smoking German, and the fallow Pole, gave life and variety to the picture. Every other house had a flag of one of the three nations, and at its windows its fair representatives of two of the Allied Powers at least. At the Hôtel du Nord, a busy crowd were curiously investigating the five Imperial carriages by which the Royal party were to be conveyed from the steam-boat to the station on the morrow. Many were the expressions of admiration occasioned by the green purling of the bodies, the rich white satin linings, the magnificent lamps, and the gorgeous scarlet and red wheels and pole, which constituted the fittings of the vehicles.

At five o'clock all eyes were turned towards the station; for at six o'clock the Emperor was expected to inspect in person the preparations made for the reception of his Royal guests, and to abide their coming in the apartments prepared for his Imperial Majesty and suite at the Hôtel du Pavillon Imperial. It was while waiting here that an opportunity was afforded the admiring spectator for a full view of the magnificent triumphal arch which the Northern Railway Company and the town of Boulogne had erected, at an expense of nearly £5000, in honour of Queen Victoria's visit to France by way of Boulogne. At the four corners of the bridge leading from the quay to the railway station, four pilasters of seeming marble were erected, supporting large globes of gold. In front of the entrance to the station was a triumphal arch, 75 feet in height,

formed of trellis-work of gold, in the Moorish style, having tall arches of much diminished width on either side. Nothing could be more elegant in fancy, more exquisite in proportion, more perfect in design. It was the realisation of the Eastern palaces of our dreams—an open-air Alhambra in itself. Above this arch, with outstretched arms, as if to welcome within them the coming guest, stood in an attitude at once bold and simple, a statue of the "Genius of Civilisation"—an appropriate sentiment admirably expressed for the progress of civilisation, and with it the happiness of the human race, as leading best towards real liberty and lasting peace, is the true scope and tendency of the alliance between England and France. Passing through this arch, on the right side, might be seen a series of verandahs or arches, formed of the same gilt trellis-work, and intersected, as in the triumphal arch, by palm-trees of golden trunks, with knots of broad gold leaves clustering at their tops. Each of these arches contained rows of seats covered with crimson cloth. The whole square of ground forming the court of entrance in front of these, which, but ten days before had been a dry patch of arid sand, was now changed into a lawn of green turf, dotted with beds of blooming flowers. Fir-trees had been extemporised by hundreds to form a back ground, and train after train from various parts of France, had brought up its greenest turf, on which the eyes of England's Queen might rest for a while and be refreshed.

The arch, the verandahs, the outer windows of the station, were everywhere adorned with the Royal arms, and everywhere by clusters of tricolors and the national flags of the Allied Powers in every possible arrangement. The escutcheons of the leading towns of France and England figured in numerous compartments. From the centre of each small arch hung suspended a *corbeille* or basket—chandelier of flowers—which conveyed an impression of brightness, lightness, and airiness to the mind of the spectator. It will be remembered that the Boulogne station of the Northern Railway of France is constituted of a number of arches, filled in with glass, as in our Great Northern. Advantage was taken of this to produce a charming effect. On entering, to the right, through a door surmounted by the Royal arms, and covered with crimson velvet studded with golden bees and stars, the spectator found himself opposite to a large arched window, such as may be seen in an ancient abbey, at the top of which was a drapery of crimson velvet curtains, looped up with golden cord, and fringed with white lace—the light of the window being softened by entirely covering the glass with Swiss muslin, on which, as a background, the drapery was disposed. A cluster of flags surmounting the Royal arms, completed this exquisite arrangement; to which a further magnificence was added by the velvet compartments being also *parapernés* with golden bees and stars in great profusion. To the left an area opened on an amphitheatre of crimson velvet benches—intended to be occupied by ladies in elegant toilets. To the right was a door having crimson velvet curtains deeply fringed with gold, which opened into the private boudoir of her Majesty. The Royal arms were above the door, while five golden eagles supported the draperies of each compartment. Every arch was garlanded and defined with flowers; from the ceiling, also, hung a vast *cassiolette* of flowers, about which were suspended twelve small golden baskets of exceeding lightness, from which flowers were pendent in tasteful profusion. The carpet to this apartment was remarkable for the brilliant brightness of its colours; but, at the same time, the harmonious tone of its composition. It was an arrangement of flowers, and does honour to the workmen of Nîmes, who have been for some time past engaged upon it. Twenty-six golden chairs of light construction, but with the novelty of crimson velvet cushions, on exceedingly light frames, were placed on the floors, with six massive easy chairs, also gilt, and crimson benches.

The Queen's boudoir, opening through the alcove or door before-mentioned, was a master specimen of French taste. The walls were covered with fluted white and rose-coloured drapery, reaching from the ceiling to the floor. The curtains of the window, and the drapery of the door consisted of the most exquisite Gobelins work, relieved by an under-curtain of the finest lace. The chimney-piece was of pure white marble of the chastest character, surmounted by a mirror of elegant design. The carpet of the boudoir, woven in one piece, is said to be one of the most exquisite pieces of work which ever left the manufactory of the Gobelins. *Cassiolettes* in gilded white porcelain, with cherubs holding wax lights, were suspended by floral wreaths from the ceiling, the light being entirely artificial. The chairs, sofas, and *portières*, were all white and gold, covered with Gobelins tapestry; while throughout the apartment rare exotics added to the beauty of the scene. Such was the almost fairy scene presented to the spectators at the entrance to the railway station.

ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR.

Exactly at six o'clock on Friday afternoon the trumpets of a detachment of Lancers announced the arrival of the Emperor, who, accompanied by Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers and two aides-de-camp, proceeded in a *char-à-banc*, drawn by four horses, to the Hôtel du Pavillon Imperial on the sands, which his Imperial Majesty had selected as his residence pending the Queen's arrival at Boulogne, as affording the furthest view out to sea. The Emperor was cheered by the people in the streets, especially by those of the order of the peasantry, and also by numerous English gentlemen, either residents or visitors to the town. On reaching the hotel, the Emperor, who was in plain clothes, came forward to the balcony and bowed to the applauding assembly in front. At this instant the British fleet fired a Royal salute, as also did the battery on the fort. After dinner the Emperor again appeared on the balcony, where he remained some time smoking his cigar, apparently in quiet, but it was understood afterwards that he was taking a *coup-d'œil* of the scene around, and that he devised at that period the remarkable effect to be produced the next morning by the array of the troops along the cliff, and the platoon firing, which formed so great a feature in the reception of her Majesty.

Boulogne was bright throughout the night—an illumination at the Tintilleries, with a ball for the middle classes, and a more select entertainment, at "four francs per ticket," at the "Etablissement des Bains," continued the pleasurable excitement far into the morning.

THE MILITARY PROCESSION.

At eight o'clock on the eventful Saturday the Emperor was up and away to his camp; at nine he was breakfasting at his hotel; at ten the streets were crowded, scaffolding erected opposite every possible house on the line of route, and red-trousered and leather-legged Lancers and Dragoons, with helmets of glittering brass and long horse-hair tails, were galloping from hotel to station. The whole quay and the upper town looking down on it were thronged. At eleven, 2000 Lancers marched to occupy the square before the station, and to line the route from the Custom-house, where was erected a gorgeous pavilion, to mark the spot of her Majesty's landing.

At half-past eleven commenced one of the grandest military processions ever witnessed. From the Camps at Honvalet, Ambleteuse, in other villages extending along the coast, and towards St. Omer, forty thousand men of different infantry regiments marched into Boulogne—each regiment headed by its band—some playing martial airs, others with their trumpets sounding and their drums beating. The clang of arms, the steady tramp of so many thousands, the waving of their colours, the very hum of so many voices—for a French soldier will not march in silence—the sound of the words of command from near and from afar—the recollections of the past, with which the scene, the men, the genius, and the name that inspired them all, the *présens numen* of the time, had something solemn and inspiring. At a quarter to twelve Riflemen, Voltigeurs, and Chasseurs de Vincennes were seen climbing the hills that skirt and command Boulogne on all sides. Everywhere around and above were soldiers, in long lines stretching out to the very farthest distance.

The Emperor at this moment, dressed in a uniform of green and gold, came out into the balcony of his hotel, smoking a cigar, and gazed, as it were, with longing eyes across the sea. At half-past twelve he mounted his horse and rode down to the small pavilion, or elegant little kiosk, erected at the point of landing. Having seen and approved that all was in readiness, he returned, and mounted the cliffs to review the Chasseurs.

The scene presented by the *estrade*, between the "Etablissement des Bains" and the Custom-house—the place of landing—was strikingly magnificent; the harbour was lined with noble steam-vessels, merchant-ships, yachts, and craft of every kind, all gaily dressed with colours flying to the light wind. The whole range of route seemed bristling with bayonets; the soldiers shone in masses of colour—blue, red, and yellow; the people in scarlet and white. One hundred thousand spectators were along the streets, in the windows, and on the platforms leading along to the station. The centre group was formed by the reception pavilion, surrounded by flowers and vases of myrtles. About this were a dark mass of Roman Catholic clergy, relieving in effect a crowd of representatives of our own red-coats—Marines, Guardsmen, Engineers, and Foreign Contingent—with here and there a Crimean hero or two. Near these, conspicuous, shone the Emperor himself on a chestnut charger, in advance of a brilliant staff. At half-past one the Emperor, who had ridden out once more to the high grounds, in his impatient anxiety, returned, and at twenty-five minutes to two the first cannon announced the

ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY.

A mist had overspread the Channel early in the morning, but it cleared away as the day advanced. When the Royal yacht had steamed to within about four miles from Boulogne, Captain Smithett, who piloted her, waited for a few minutes (either for the tide or for the arrival of the steamers forming the Royal escort, or for both, and then the *Victoria and Albert*, conspicuous by her three masts, her great size, and fine proportions, steamed majestically for the harbour. She carried the Royal standard of England at the main, the tricolor at the fore, the union-jack at the bows, and the Royal ensign at the stern. The English men-of-war forming the squadron of honour were drawn up outside the harbour, and formed an imposing spectacle. Each ship had the British ensign and the tricolor floating at the main, and each gave innumerable flags to the wind. At twenty-five minutes past one the first note of welcome was given by the sharp ring of a brass gun at the battery on the Capeure side; and one after another the Royal salute came distantly booming upon the ears of the Royal visitors, who could now distinctly see from the deck the fine cathedral-like dome of the church in the Upper Town, and the clean stone houses of the Haute Ville. The English men-of-war now took up the mimic thunder, and broadside after broadside pealed from them. The ships were soon enveloped in smoke, and when it had cleared away and the Royal yacht had neared the squadron every ship appeared with manned yards. As the *Victoria and Albert* drew still nearer to the shore a long dark streak was seen stretching along the heights for miles to the right and left of the town. Then wreaths and puffs of smoke, the gleam of bayonets, and, by-and-by, the distant rattle of musketry converted the long dark streak into lines of French soldiery. They not only crowned the heights, but wherever a lower ridge upon the cliffs gave "coigne of vantage" to a company of infantry there were drawn up Chasseurs de Vincennes, or the light companies of a French infantry regiment, whose sharp volleys alternated with the deep-mouthed welcome of the ordinance of the port. When the Royal yacht crossed the bar, at fifteen minutes to two, loud hurrahs broke from the crowds upon the left jetty. On the right jetty, along the lower stage near the water, was one unbroken line of French infantry, who presented arms as the Royal yacht passed. Bands of music were stationed at intervals on both sides of the jetty, and the wonderfully spirited and vigorous roll of the French drums was continuous. The spectacle was now extremely striking. The quay contained an immense multitude. Tricolored flags and British ensigns waved in profusion from every house, and the whole port was gay with streamers, flags, and garlands. Every window had its group of fair spectators. Opposite the Dépôt de Bagages was seen a square pavilion or small temple-like edifice, open at the sides and decorated in the style of the *loggia* of the Vatican, which, as it appeared the most conspicuous object along the quay, was correctly supposed to be the place where the Emperor awaited the arrival of his Royal visitors. As soon as the *Victoria and Albert* drew alongside this pavilion her Majesty appeared at the ship's side, and gracefully acknowledged the salutations of the Emperor. A stage was thrown on board, the Emperor quickly ran up the platform, and, after respectfully kissing her Majesty's hand, saluted her upon both cheeks, according to Imperial and Royal etiquette, and the theory which presumes that crowned heads stand in sacred and fraternal relations to each other. The Emperor then cordially shook hands with Prince Albert, the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales, and, giving his hand to the Queen, led her down the stage to the pavilion, within which state chairs were placed on a dais, and here her Majesty, seated, received the following address, agreed upon at a meeting of the English residents and visitors in and near Boulogne, at the Hôtel du Nord, on the previous Wednesday:—

May it please your Majesty,—We, the British residents and visitors of and near the city of Boulogne-sur-Mer, with feelings of the most profound respect humbly present our heartfelt congratulations on this most auspicious event—your Majesty's visit to your august ally the Emperor of the French—an event which we doubt not will tend, under God's blessing, still further to strengthen and perpetuate the cordial union at present so happily existing between France and Great Britain.

That Almighty God may long preserve your Majesty to reign over a loyal, happy, and contented people, and that He may impart His choicest blessings to your Majesty's Royal Consort, the Princess Albert, and to your Majesty's Royal Family, is the fervent prayer of your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects the British Residents and Visitors in and near Boulogne-sur-Mer.

WALTER KIRBY, R.N.

The address was presented through Mr. Hamilton, her Majesty's Consul at Boulogne, and was read to the Queen by the Earl of Clarendon. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to accept the address, and bowed her acknowledgments. Baron James Rothschild, the Chairman of the Northern of France Railway, being in attendance with the other directors, presented to her Majesty a magnificent bouquet of flowers, with ornamental accompaniments of great value. The Queen smilingly accepted the gift, and bowed her thanks to the Baron.

ROUTE TO THE RAILWAY STATION.

Her Majesty was then handed by the Emperor into the carriage he had placed at her service. The Queen and the Princess Royal occupied seats with their backs to the horses, his Royal Highness Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales sitting opposite. The Emperor having then mounted his horse rode upon the right of the carriage. At this spectacle of the Emperor himself forming a part of her Majesty's escort and guard of honour, the acclamations of the multitude were redoubled, and cries of "Vive la Reine!" and "Vive l'Empereur!" were mingled with the hearty cheers of the English spectators. Then came a carriage containing the two ladies in attendance upon the Queen, the Earl of Clarendon, and the Marquis of Breadalbane. The other members of the Royal House, hold followed, and the Dragoons and Lancers brought up the rear. The road was kept by French infantry, whose drums and bugles made military music as the Royal cavalcade slowly proceeded through dense crowds to the railway station. Her Majesty, who appeared to be in excellent health and spirits, acknowledged in the most gracious manner the *viva*s of the people. The Queen wore a white bonnet and blue satin visite, and Prince Albert a Field-Marshal's uniform, with the blue riband of the Garter. The Emperor wore the uniform of a General of Division, with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour.

The whole scene was one of dazzling brilliancy, and the most eloquent pen would fail in depicting it in its true colours. It is stated that there were nearly 50,000 soldiers under arms for the occasion; and as they were seen crowning the heights of the cliffs as far as the eye could reach upon each side of the harbour, as well as lining the route by which the august party were to move, the effect produced was one of surpassing splendour. The Royal and Imperial cortège was preceded by regiments of Lancers and Carabiniers. The Imperial Guard and the Chasseurs de Vincennes were also in attendance. The rich and varied uniforms of the officers rendered the coup d'œil one of the most entrancing character. Not the least striking and interesting object at the entrance to the station was the presence of the *poissardes* or fishwomen of Boulogne, who occupied the most prominent seats on the semicircular benches erected there. It appears that they enjoy some peculiar privileges on such occasions. Their rich red petticoats and nicely-trimmed caps gave them a most picturesque appearance. They generally held bouquets of flowers in their hands; and they bore their honourable and prominent position during the passing of the gorgeous pageant before them with that dignity and calmness which a thorough consciousness of their prescriptive rights no doubt imparted to them. Her Majesty took marked notice of them, and made some inquiry respecting them.

The Imperial and Royal cortège arrived at the railway station at about twenty minutes past one o'clock. Having stopped a few minutes to partake of the refreshments there prepared, the illustrious party entered the carriages in waiting, and proceeded by the railway at a rapid rate on their route to Paris.

DEPARTURE FROM BOULOGNE.

The train conveying their Majesties and suite left the Boulogne station at a quarter to two. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Marchioness of Ely, Lady Churchill, the Hon. Mary Bute, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Earl of Clarendon, Earl Granville, Major-General the Hon. C. Grey, Colonel the Hon. C. B. Phipps, Lord Alfred Paget, Lieutenant-Colonel Biddulph, Sir James Clark, and Mr. Gibbs. The engine was gaily decked out with flags, and the Imperial eagles with outstretched wings were placed on each side of the engine. The first station at which the Imperial train stopped was Montreuil, where it arrived at a quarter-past three o'clock. This station had been converted into a perfect forest of evergreens, shrubs, and flowers; among which the flags of the two nations were tastefully arranged; and on the upper portion of a triumphal arch were the words "Welcome to France."

After a delay of a few minutes the train was again in motion, and at five minutes to four o'clock the old town of Abbeville was approached—Abbeville, with the remnants of its old island fortifications still washed by the waters of the Somme, the antique towers of the venerable church of St. Vulfran, with its old abbey, in the Rue Barbejust, where Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII., became the bride of Louis XII.—the old town where the treaty was signed by which our Henry III. restored to St. Louis the possessions of fair Guienne, where the French army went forth to meet the English archers on the battle-field of Cressy, where the Black Prince won his spurs, and where, in later times, Colbert established his Government cloth factory, and where now the waters of the Somme still drive the whirling wheels and spindles of numerous cloth factories. The station was decorated with a profuse display of banners and evergreens. The guard of honour drawn up along the station consisted of the National Guards of the town and a squadron of dragoons. A tasteful pavilion, with drapery of crimson velvet and gold, was erected for the Mayor and the members of the Corps Municipal of the town. The Mayor had the honour of being introduced to her Majesty during the few moments the train stayed at the station, and once more the engine was on its way, the band of the National Guard playing the national air, "Partant pour la Syrie." The department of the Pas de Calais, with all its historic associations, its names and sites familiar to earlier English history, was left behind, and the barren sands, and extensive shallows and inlets of the sea, were exchanged for the fertile and richly-cultivated province of Picardy and the department of the Somme.

The train sped rapidly on its way. At the small stations of Pont Renney, Longre, Hangeat, Picquigny, Ailly, a glimpse only was afforded of the tasteful decorations which evinced the joyous welcome to the Emperor and his Royal guests. At forty-eight minutes past four the train passed the old fosse of the town of Amiens, and where ramparts once bristled with the arms of foemen, there were assembled thousands of the population who crowded the boulevards, now the peaceful promenade of the town. There was a line formed of the National Guard of Amiens; then came a short, dark tunnel, again the National Guard, and again thousands of the population, who crowded the embankments; another short tunnel, and again the National Guard and the applauding multitudes and the salutes from the artillery. Once more the train emerged from a tunnel, and rested at the Amiens station. There were two squadrons of Cuirassiers on foot; the Mayor in his scarlet robe, the members of the Corps Municipal in their robes; Monseigneur Salimis, the Bishop of Amiens, and the clergy of the town in their sacerdotal robes; the members of the Cour Imperiale in their square black caps and dark-coloured gowns; the professors of the College of the Lycée Imperial in their academic robes; there were hundreds of the most beautiful and elegantly dressed of the ladies of Amiens; velvet draperies and festoons of flowers, and trophies of banners and Imperial ciphers, and the cordial "Welcome to France;" there were bands of the Cuirassiers and of the 67th Regiment of Infantry, and of the National Guards, playing alternately the national airs of England and France. The *tout ensemble* was in every respect worthy of the occasion and creditable to the taste and good feeling of the authorities of Amiens. Her Majesty and suite, with the Emperor, alighted from their carriages and entered a boudoir at the station fitted up in the most *recherché* style, and the Mayor and the chief functionaries of the town had the honour of being presented to her Majesty. The daughter of the Prefect, an interesting young lady of seventeen, habited in white, approached the Royal carriage, and timidly but gracefully presented to the Queen a splendid bouquet, which her Majesty received with more than Queenly courtesy.

At five minutes to five the train was once more shrieking along its iron path away from the town where, half a century or more since, that treaty of peace was signed for which Sheridan said every one was glad but none were proud. Away went the convoy passing rapidly by the villages of Boves, Ailly, Breteuil, Saint Just, and in the pleasant department of the winding Oise at five minutes to six. Once more it stopped on its course, at Clermont. There, again, the National Guard lined the station, amid a profusion of evergreens and flags and trophies; while the presence of several hundred ladies in elegant attire, seated beneath tastefully-draped awning of crimson velvet with rich gold fringe, imparted grace and beauty to the decorations. In the centre of the station was a compartment, draped with velvet and furnished with gilt seats for M. Baudouin de Berthier, the Préfet de l'Oise, and the civil functionaries; and companies of Sapeurs-Pompiers, Gendarmerie, and National Guards, lined the approaches to the station. Creil was passed at ten minutes after six; the train entered the department of the Seine et Oise, and soon passed the Saint Leu, Précy, Boran, Beaumont, Isle Adam, Anvers; and the train stopped for the last time before entering Paris at Pontoise.

The sun was setting on the richly-cultivated plains of Montmorency, and tinging the thickly-wooded rising grounds in the distance, as the Royal visitors were borne past Herblay, Franconville, Ermont, and Enghien; and at five minutes past seven her Majesty passed through St. Denis, the foremost of the advanced works of the fortifications of Paris. Another five minutes and the line of the fortifications of Paris was passed

for the first time by a reigning Sovereign of England; and at twenty minutes past seven, amid salvos of artillery, her Majesty alighted from her carriage in the station of the Strasbourg Railway. The names of "Boulogne" and "Strasbourg" are associated with important events in the history of the Emperor; and it is a curious coincidence that the names of these towns, by which the Emperor had prematurely endeavoured to reach the throne of France, should be exactly those which are connected with the visit of the Queen of England to the Emperor, now that he has attained the highest summit of a proud and honourable ambition.

THE STRASBOURG STATION.

Here everything was arranged with the lavish magnificence and the exquisite taste of the great masters of decorative art. The whole station was transformed, as if by magic, into a suite of palatial apartments. There was an outer room facing the Boulevard de Strasbourg, then a small and beautiful saloon, and inside a vast space resembling a drawing-room. Within this latter inclosure, and just in front of the spot at which the train was to arrive, was laid out a large and splendid parterre of the finest flowers. From its roof depended long streamers, known, we believe, by the name of oriflammes. The openings at its sides were hung with red silk curtains; around it were seated living lines of female grace and beauty; while officers of different branches of the military service, members of the railway directory, or their friends, paraded in the centre until near the time of the arrival of the grand cortège, and a number of other gentlemen, mixed with some ladies, occupied seats in the galleries above. The windows of the smaller saloon were hung with rich dark velvet, and in its centre was a charming canopy covered with white satin. In this room were collected a number of orange-trees, bearing their small delicate blossoms.

The public had been informed that the illustrious party were to reach their destination in Paris at six o'clock; but it was soon ascertained that they could not arrive until after seven. Prince Napoleon came shortly before six, and was followed a few minutes afterwards by Marshal Magnan, several general officers, Ministers, municipal authorities, and members of the magistracy.

THE ARRIVAL AT PARIS.

As seven o'clock passed away the expectation of the fashionable company at the terminus, amounting, perhaps, to about 2000 persons, seemed considerably to increase; and at length, at twelve minutes after seven, a low murmur and an anxious gesture from some of the more advanced observers showed that they had already discerned indications of the approach of the train. In a few instants the boom of cannon announced that it was at hand, and at a quarter-past seven precisely, amidst a roll of drums, it slowly wound along to the termination of its course. Here a military band stationed by the spot struck up the English National Anthem, thrilling many a heart. At the close of this performance her Majesty, leaning on the arm of the Emperor, trod the soil of the bright capital of France, amidst the intense applause of the whole of the brilliant company around.

The Emperor was in full costume, and wore the riband of the Garter. Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal came next, with their suite; then Prince Napoleon, accompanied by a host of high officers of state. Her Majesty paused for a moment, apparently for the purpose of observing the scene through which she had to pass. The illustrious party then advanced to the outside of the station, and entered the open carriages, six in number, and each drawn by four horses, prepared to convey them to St. Cloud. In the first of these carriages were her Majesty, with the Princess Royal on her left, and then Prince Albert facing the Queen, and the Emperor facing the Princess. In the next sat the Prince of Wales and Prince Napoleon, with the Marquis of Breadalbane and the Earl of Clarendon. Before starting a magnificent bouquet was presented to the Queen by General Lowestine, in the name of the 9th battalion of the National Guard, which was doing duty on the spot. The cortège set out in the midst of acclamation, and cries of "Vive la Reine d'Angleterre!" "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive le Prince Albert!" Just as the party was starting for the terminus a deputation of the pupils of the Polytechnic School who had relatives killed before Sebastopol appeared, each of whom wore crape round his arm. As they passed along rather at a slow pace the illuminations commenced, and each step seemed to bring forth a successive train of light.

THE PROCESSION TO ST. CLOUD.

The road of the procession lay along the Boulevard de Strasbourg, the Port of St. Denis, the Boulevards Bonne Nouvelle, Poissonnière, Montmartre, Italiens, Des Capucines, and the Madeleine, down the Rue Royale, across the Place de la Concorde and by the Champs Elysées, the new Avenue de l'Impératrice, and the Bois de Boulogne to St. Cloud. At regular distances, all down the Boulevards, tall banner standards had been erected, from which long graceful streamers, suspended in the Venetian style, waved with every breath of air; and, besides these street decorations, each house had its separate manifestations of welcome, sometimes in the form of the familiar tricolor, sometimes in a bit of tapestry hung out from a balcony, sometimes in the less pretending shape of coloured lanterns strung across from window to window, even to the lofty garret. It was curious to observe the intense desire displayed by all classes to make the wonderful city of Paris look its best and fairest before the eyes of our island Queen, to inspire her Majesty and the members of the Royal family who accompanied her with a due appreciation of the claims which Paris has to be considered the gayest and most brilliant capital in the world. Certainly those claims were never more overpoweringly displayed. The great breadth of the Boulevards and the importance of preserving the series of splendid perspectives which they present uninterrupted prevented a series of triumphal arches; but along the route of the procession many trophies had been erected, some of them including sculpture of considerable merit, and bearing inscriptions suitable to the occasion. At one point the names of the departments inscribed in shields drew attention to the sentiment that Paris on that occasion represented all France; at another it was some institution or private company close at hand, which, rushing to the edge of the *trottoir*, vindicated its importance by setting up a special sign of welcome. The one triumphal arch was really a fine piece of construction, and looked exceedingly imposing. Raised by the *artistes* of the Opera close to the Rue Lepelletier, it had the inside of its piers and *intrados* covered with Imperial bees; the terminal figures over each pier being formed by pairs of colossal eagles, with extended wings. At several other points chains of steamers, or cords to bear some pendent banner of inscription, crossed the thoroughfare, but otherwise the grand series of vistas which the line of the Boulevards commands was not disturbed. It is worthy of remark that not only did the decorations extend throughout the route itself, but also along the side streets which open up from it, and that these were hung with flags and trophies of evergreens as far as the eye could penetrate down them. This was particularly observable with that noble street, the Rue de la Paix, which was so brilliantly ornamented as to make one almost wonder that the cortège was not irresistibly led to enter the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées in that direction. Whether by fortunate accident or skilful premeditation, the decorations appeared gradually to diminish as the more open space was gained; but even there enough was retained to preserve the festive character of the occasion and to heighten the ordinary effect of the coup-d'œil.

The Royal and Imperial party appeared struck with the tasteful and appropriate decorations of the lofty arch of triumph at the corner of the Rue Lepelletier, under which they passed. The beautiful illuminations of the Opera Comique also attracted their attention. As they approached the Champs Elysées they proceeded at a less slow pace. They passed under the triumphal arch of the Barrière de l'Etoile

That majestic monument bore no trappings; it was left, with good taste, in its solitary and imposing grandeur. Even there the crowd was as great as on any other part of the line of march. Indeed, from the Strasbourg terminus to that spot there was no place empty, no window unoccupied. The Bois de Boulogne was crowded, and every house in the Boulogne-sur-Seine had its display of flags. At the bridge of St. Cloud a triumphal arch was formed of the foliage of the oak, interwoven with garlands of flowers. A salvo of 100 guns announced the approach of the cortège to St. Cloud. It was near nine o'clock when they reached the château. The Queen was received by the Empress at the foot of the grand staircase, accompanied by the Princess Mathilde, and the officers and other members of the Imperial household, the grand officers of the Crown, and the Ministers. On entering the state apartments, these were presented to her Majesty by the Emperor.

ST. CLOUD.

The acclamations, the hurrahs, did not cease resounding along the entire length of the procession. In proportion as the day waned, an illumination, sudden, brilliant, and fairy-like, dispersed the darkness, and preceded like a train of flame the passage of their Majesties. This new coup-d'œil, added to the programme, carried to its climax the enthusiasm and ecstasy of the crowd.

At a quarter to nine the cortège arrived at St. Cloud, announced by salvos of artillery. Her Majesty the Empress stood at the foot of the staircase, accompanied by her Imperial Highness Madame the Princess Mathilde, by the ladies and officers in waiting of the Emperor and Empress, as also by the Marshals of the Palace, by the ladies and officers appointed to wait on her Majesty the Queen of England during her sojourn, by their Excellencies the great Officers of the Crown, by his Excellency the Minister of State and the Emperor's Household, and by his Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Immediately after ascending to the grand apartments the Emperor presented to her Majesty the Queen the Ministers, the great officers, and the officers of his household. At half-past nine their Majesties entered the Diana Gallery, where dinner was served. Their Majesties afterwards returned to the state apartments, where they remained till eleven.

In the evening St. Cloud, Boulogne, and the principal streets of Paris, were splendidly illuminated.

Sunday was observed as a day of rest by the illustrious visitors at St. Cloud. In the morning they attended Divine Service, which was performed by the Chaplain to the Embassy, and in the afternoon they took a drive in the park and through a portion of the Bois de Boulogne. After dining *en famille* with his Imperial Majesty, they were present at a concert of sacred music given at the palace by the Conservatoire de Musique.

PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS.

Whatever regret might be felt by the multitudes assembled on Saturday, at the delay which prevented her Majesty from being well seen in the progress through the streets of Paris, the programme to be observed during her stay in Paris afforded abundant opportunities for counter-vailing the disappointment thus occasioned. It was clearly the Emperor's intention to let the people of his capital have every reasonable facility for seeing his illustrious guests, and for manifesting their respectful sympathies. This was made evident on Monday by the manner in which the visit to the Palais des Beaux Arts was conducted, and by the subsequent drive along the Boulevards and the examination of that splendid restoration, La Sainte Chapelle. Some 6000 spectators were present at the Beaux Arts, and the promenade on the Boulevards was, of course, witnessed by all Paris. With one slight *contretemps* the arrangements were conducted with perfect order and regularity, and the Queen was thus at once brought fully within the influence of that artistic spirit which, among the French people, and in Paris especially, makes such constant calls upon the admiration of the stranger.

As it was known that the Queen would visit the Palace of the Beaux Arts on Monday morning, the approaches to it were thronged from an early hour, as well as the line which her Majesty was to follow from St. Cloud to the Exhibition. The Avenue Montaigne was finely decorated with Venetian poles supporting shields bearing the arms of the two nations, and flags and streamers were in great abundance. The hemicycle of the front of the Palais des Beaux Arts was decorated with flower-beds, and encircled with poles ornamented with escutcheons and flags; and oriflammes of the English and French colours, covered with golden arabesques. The central part by which their Majesties were to enter was in like manner ornamented with shields and clusters of flags. At eleven o'clock the acclamations of the crowd announced the approach of the Queen, and the shouts and hurrahs were repeated as the cortège reached the entrance. Ten beautiful carriages, the first two drawn by four superb horses, and richly adorned, comprised the Imperial cortège, escorted by the Cuirassiers of the Guard. The Queen was handed from her carriage by the Emperor, who gave his arm to her Majesty as she entered the principal saloon, while the band of the Chasseurs à Cheval played the National Anthem. They were accompanied by Prince Napoleon, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, the President of the Legislative Corps, the President of the Council of State, the Ministers, and the suite of the Queen. The Emperor as well as Prince Albert was dressed in plain clothes, and the Imperial Commissioners of the Exhibition were presented to the Queen by their President, Prince Napoleon. They had mustered in the saloons immediately adjoining the principal entrance, and it was at once remarkable and interesting to see so great a gathering of men who, in different countries and for various specialties, had achieved reputation and position in the ranks of industry and science. Among Frenchmen, M. Renault, the President of the Institute; M. Horace Vernet and M. Ingres, the artists; M. le Play, M. Arles Dufour, M. Salandrouze de Lamornaix, M. de Rouville, M. Michel Caenvalier, Baron Rothschild, M. Perreire, M. Schneider, M. Trescat. Among Germans, Dr. Waagen, Professor Liebig, and M. Von Viehban. Among our own countrymen, besides Mr. Cole, C.B., Mr. Redgrave, R.A., Dr. Forbes Royle, Professor Wheatstone, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Locke, M.P., Mr. Digby Wyatt, Mr. Warren de la Rue, Professor Willis, Mr. Crampton, Mr. C. Manby, Mr. Winkworth. A beautifully-executed bust of her Majesty stood on a pedestal in the centre of the reception-room, and on every side were the walls covered with chefs-d'œuvre of art, and masses of excited spectators hemmed in from an invasion of the reserved space by the police of the building. This small force, it was at first believed, would prove sufficient to protect the illustrious visitors from pressure by the crowd in the course of their survey; but, after a time, notwithstanding their exertions, they got overwhelmed, and in consequence it was found requisite to supplement their numbers by some *sergens de ville*.

The reception over, the cortège, led by the Prince Napoleon, advanced into the principal saloon for the display of German pictures; and here the works of chief interest were pointed out by Dr. Waagen, than whom none could be more qualified to fulfil such a duty. There are some fine productions of the easel in this court; such, for example, as the three powerful paintings by Vinano, near the entrance; and Kiss's great statue of St. George and the Dragon, which occupies the centre, is a noble effort of sculpture; but the merits of the collection as a whole scarcely rise to the level of that exhibited by Belgium, which the illustrious party next proceeded to examine, with as much care as the circumstances rendered possible. The attention of their Majesties was, of course, much distracted by the cheers and cries of "Vive la Reine!" which greeted them at different points, but the Prince and the Royal children, who felt themselves more at liberty, were so earnestly bent on seeing all they could that several times they were left behind, and, but for the recuperative energy shown by M. Arles Dufour and other officials, might have got lost altogether in the crowd. It would have been strange



THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL CORTEGE, IN PARIS.

indeed had the wonderful pictures of the Belgian masters failed to elicit the highest admiration. Such artists as De Groux, Robbe, Stevens, and Verboeckhoven do honour to their country by the style of their works, and successfully maintain its celebrity as a school of painting amidst the formidable rivalry of France and England. From the Belgian collection the Emperor led his guests into the principal saloon of French painting, and here they were preparing for a rich intellectual treat, when in rushed the crowd of spectators, and for several minutes all was confusion. The illustrious party made its way as rapidly as possible to the next saloon, which was at once cleared for its reception, and here the scattered cortège was after some time reassembled. While a reinforcement of *sergens de ville* was sent for, the masterpieces of Delacroix and other painters, suspended in this inner saloon, were leisurely examined. No great inconvenience, therefore, arose, and both the Emperor and her Majesty sustained the temporary inroad upon their freedom of locomotion with exemplary good-nature and self-possession. As soon as order had been restored the progress through the Palace was resumed, and the Sovereigns now directed their steps to the French Sculpture Court. Here a great and varied display of artistic excellence was presented to them, comprising many works of rare merit. The sculptors of France are evidently more disposed every day to depart from the severe standards of classic taste, and to consult mainly the inspirations of their own fancy. Some critics will probably lament that it should be so, but after all it cannot be denied that the artistic world at large profits by diversity, and that both by the faults and the merits thus developed permanent instruction for the future is derived. From the Sculpture Court, the Imperial and Royal visitors passed into the saloon devoted to M. Horace Vernet's chef-d'œuvre. There for a considerable time they admired his celebrated *Razzia*, his *Battle of Isly*, and some of the great paintings in which he has commemorated the victories of the first Empire. In this Court stands a remarkable statue of the first Napoleon when a student at Brienne, the work of M. Robinet, and which attracted much attention. Passing along the north front of the Palace the progress of the cortège was arrested for some minutes while their Majesties listened to the performance of a large choir of workmen-singers trained on a system bearing some resemblance to that of Hullah in England, and who went through a chorus in which "God Save the Queen" was introduced, led by their conductor, M. Chivet, with extraordinary precision and musical effect. At the north-east corner of the building a pause took place to examine the restoration of the *Minerva* executed by Phidias in precious metals, jewels, and ivory, which was placed in the cella of the Parthenon at Athens. This restoration, which is in complete accordance with the descriptions of the original by ancient writers, is the property of the Duc de Luynes. It scarcely satisfies the expectations that are naturally excited by such a work, but of course is an interesting feature among the general attractions of the Palace. Their Majesties now entered the salon of M. Ingres, who divides with M. Horace Vernet the honour of having had a special court allotted to him for the exhibition of his works. Their merits certainly justify that high compliment, for, though rather hard and severe in his treatment, the artist has boldly carried his individuality into almost every school, and produced masterpieces that rivet attention by the educated spirit breathed over them. From this point the Queen was conducted by her Imperial host through the Gallery of British Artists. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the excellences of a school with which most Englishmen who have paid any attention to art are familiar. Our painters are upon the whole admirably represented, and the experience of months has in no degree diminished the interest attached to a collection which exhibits such strong contrast to the general character of the works in the Beaux Arts. England shows a strong predilection for cabinet paintings, because pictures are purchased there mainly to decorate the walls of private dwellings and to enhance the attractions of domestic life. In Continental countries the habits of the people and their relations with their Governments have hitherto had the effect of making their works of art dependent upon a different class of custom and patronage; and the result is, that their subjects are more ambitious, their treatment more adapted to grandeur than to minute elaboration, well fitted for display in halls and galleries, where focal distance can be secured, but out of place in private residences. Ascending the staircase, at the north-east corner of the Palace, the cortège described the circuit of the upper galleries, in which are displayed the water-colour drawings, the miniature paintings, the engravings on wood and steel, and the architectural designs contributed by different countries. Here England takes a very high position from the excellence of the works exhibited by her artists in several of these departments. After completing the circuit of the galleries, their Majesties returned to the central saloon, from which they had been compelled to retreat at an earlier period by the inroad of spectators. Here they took leisurely a survey of the great works with which the genius of French art has embellished the walls. "The Last Days of the Reign of Terror," and the grand picture of the "Imperial Guard re-entering Paris after Waterloo" (by Muller), M. Cousins' painting illustrating the manners of the Lower Empire, Troyon's cattle picture, and Rosa Bonheur's "Hayfield," were all carefully examined; and so delighted were our Royal family with the masterpieces here displayed that they made the circuit of the *salon* several times.

PALACE OF THE ELYSEE.

Shortly before two o'clock they took their departure, amidst enthusiastic cheers, and proceeded to partake of luncheon at the Palace of the Elysée. There at half-past two o'clock there was a reception of the *corps diplomatique*.

At three her Majesty, accompanied by her Imperial host, visited La Sainte Chapelle, and was received on her way there and back in the most cordial manner by immense numbers of the population. It was known that she would pass along the Boulevards on her return to St. Cloud; and from two o'clock a considerable number of persons took up their station on the sidewalks from the Bastille to the Madeleine. The weather was magnificent; and as the triumphal arches, flags, and other decorations still stood intact and undimmed, the fault of Saturday was repaired, and the Queen could at leisure admire the beauty of that great thoroughfare. The reception, which was warm in the Rue de Rivoli, through which the Queen passed to the Saint Chapelle, was enthusiastic along the Boulevards. Among other streets the cortège passed through the Rue Rivoli, the principal hotels in which, including Meurice's, were handsomely decorated. At half-past five the Imperial and Royal party returned to St. Cloud. At eight in the evening a grand dinner of sixty covers took place. The proceedings of the day terminated with a performance by the company of the Théâtre Français.

TO-DAY (25th) there are to be great doings at Versailles. Immense preparations have been going on there all the week, under the general direction of M. Lefuel (the successor of poor Visconti), as architect of the *Iouvre*. Many old Parisians went to Versailles every day merely to see the preliminaries. The magnificent *Galerie des Glaces*, which is so familiar to sight-seers, and which no one of the present generation has ever seen furnished, has been all that time in the hands of the upholsterer. Lustres, carpets, and furniture of the most luxurious kind, have been placed in that transcendently magnificent residence of Louis XIV., which no Sovereign of France in the present century has ever felt rich enough to inhabit. One of the most striking features of the gala will be an illuminated representation of Windsor Castle, placed on the banks of the lake, at the extremity of the grand avenue in front of the palace. The bouquet will disclose illuminated scrolls, bearing the names Victoria, Albert, Napoleon, Eugénie. The environs of Versailles, which have usually a somewhat neglected aspect, are considerably changed for the better. The high road to St. Cyr has been repaired, and the beautiful orange-tree staircase, which was covered with moss, has been cleaned. The barrack in the Avenue de Sceaux has been prepared for the artillery of the Imperial Guard.

HER MAJESTY AT BOULOGNE.

[ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.]

From our Special Correspondent.

Up to the 10th of the present month the rather greedy residents of Boulogne, who angle for British visitors, had reason to complain of a very slack season. The steam-boats that used, in former years, to convey two or three hundred Cockneys daily to the hotels of the lower town, to the manufactories of eau de Boulogne (sold to the unwary as au de Cologne), and to the mild gaieties of the *Etablissement des Bains*, were bringing parties of thirty or forty visitors only. Nineteen out of every twenty, after having been filtered through the Custom-house, passed along the port in the railway omnibus, en route for Paris. Sad was this state of things to local speculators; and, seeing the depression which an indifferent season spreads over watering-place libraries and shell-ware houses, we are led to excuse the eccentric bitterness of tone in which the Boulogne journals attacked Calais, when it aspired to the honour of receiving her Majesty on her way to the French capital. When, however, it was officially announced that the disembarkation would take place at the port with which the name of Napoleon appears to be inseparably connected, the triumphant editors of the Boulogne organs, while twitting the inhabitants of Calais with the neglect they were doomed to suffer, expressed an intimate conviction that the authorities of the port selected would do justice to the Emperor's preference.

It is just to add that this conviction has been justified by facts. Boulogne received the Queen of England in a manner befitting an event destined to become a prominent chapter in the history of Europe in the nineteenth century. In anticipation of this reception, crowds of people began to flock to Boulogne by the railway and the Channel boats. Some of the Folkestone steamers crossed from the English coast with upwards of 350 passengers on board. Despatches arrived hourly to the hotel-keepers, retaining beds. The Emperor hired the *Pavillon Hotel* for ten days, dating from the 17th inst. Stables for the Imperial stud were taken at the *Hôtel du Nord*; and at the new Prefecture plans were actively debated for the proper ornamentation of the town.

I am indebted to the Sous-Préfet for many of the facts which I have already communicated to you; but, above all, for many interesting details relative to the final arrangements. The importance of official aid, when rumours prevail in every by-way, and it becomes almost impossible to sift fact from ingenious fiction, is obvious. My acknowledgments are therefore due to the gentlemen who have enabled me to trace the progress of the Boulogne preparations from their origin up to the hour of the Queen's arrival. Of these preparations it may be said, generally, that they were as complete as the time and means at the disposition of the town authorities permitted. In the first place, before the point of disembarkation on the Place Daumont, a pretty tent was erected, carpeted, and ornamented with flowers. Marking the opening of the road towards the railway station were two high columns, supporting vases, in which incense was placed. A spacious square was kept at this point by the bands encamped near Boulogne. The Custom-house, and the rows of hotels behind, were gay with the flags of the Allied nations; but, above all, the glistening bayonets of forty thousand soldiers, marked the rugged edges of the cliffs from Ambleteuse, with its ruins of a fort, to Portel, the little fishing-town. Above the splendid scene—the amphitheatre of rocks, dotted with many-coloured houses, and capped by the towering cathedral, and the gay ramparts of the higher town—was a sky of unspotted blue. Not even a silver cloud passed overhead during the memorable morning of the 18th. As the regiments destined to do duty within the town came marching along the port to the strains of their military bands; as the municipal authorities came sailing along in squadrons, dressed in their gay uniforms edged with silver, and their tricolor sashes; as, one by one, some of the red-coats of old England relieved the blue of French municipal dignity; and as various orderlies dashed hither and thither with large square despatches, while elegant toilets filled up every available window, and pretty faces peered above the evergreens which choked up the railings of the balconies, everybody began to talk wildly of the immense significance of the day, and the space it was destined to occupy in history. Now the two nations were fairly allied; now Englishmen and Frenchmen were really and truly brothers. Before, many people had doubted the solidity of the friendship between the two foremost nations of the world; now, this friendship was sealed, was assured. Henceforth the two countries will be one. Pleasantly enough the soldiers and officers who thronged the jetties, even up to the lighthouse, took every opportunity to say something obliging to subjects of the Sovereign they were about to receive. I strolled to the extremity of the pier—past lively *cantinières* tempting dusty men to try the contents of their little barrels; past English ladies perched upon sandhills, in positions they would never dare to take up under less exciting circumstances; past old gentlemen of nautical pretensions giving acknowledged landmen descriptions of the English fleet laying at anchor off the coast; and past solemn officials walking silently to and fro, with telescopes under their arms. The pier-head was entirely occupied by drummers; and the formidable drum-majors of the French army, wielding their immense sticks with that agility that has so long excited the admiration of the juvenile frequenters of the Luxembourg Gardens. Still, as the day advanced, and the battery of Capeure remained silent, people began to relax the intensity of their enthusiasm. Three hours spent, standing under a broiling sun, far removed from all the refreshments dear to summer idlers, while it heated the body, cooled the head. Comments on the arrangements began to spread about; while every gentleman who appeared to be even distantly connected with the naval profession, was pounced upon, and required to give his opinion on the delay in her Majesty's arrival. Everybody expected to see the Royal yacht at the pier-head at one o'clock precisely, knowing her Majesty's love of punctuality; and many English people, when they found the time go by without any signal having been given even of the approach of the yacht, began to fear that some event or accident had intervened to prevent the present accomplishment of the meeting of the Allied Sovereigns. The officers on duty lighted their cigars and cigarettes; their men lighted their pipes and patronised the refreshment offered by the *cantinières*; while the elegantly-dressed ladies accepted even uncomfortable seats with languid gratitude.

Suddenly the report of a cannon sent a spasm through the eighty or ninety thousand people gathered upon the heights, along the quay and piers, and thronging around the railway station. The Royal yacht was approaching at full speed over a deep blue sea, smooth as a glass. The soldiers put their pipes in their pockets, the officers threw their cigars away, the drummers at the pier-heads seized their drums, as the land-battery and the splendid ships thundered forth a Royal welcome to the advancing ships, and the forty thousand troops fired volleys of musketry.

At the landing-place appeared crowds of officials, the silver and gold of their uniforms glistening in the sun. Along the water's edge stood some sturdy sailors, dressed in white, ready to run out the ladder the instant the yacht touched the quay. A buzz among the crowd presently drew our attention to the approach of the Emperor, who appeared within the square formed by the Lancers in the regimentals of a Lieutenant-General, and wearing the ribbon of the Garter. He was followed by Colonel Fleury (his first Aide-de-Camp), Lord Cowley, and other notable personages. He rode up and down the square for a few minutes, and then, as the head of the *Victoria and Albert* passed the pier-head, dismounted. The French were astounded with the majestic proportions of the Royal yacht as she steamed boldly along the windings of the narrow port, and made direct for the landing-place, at the head of which the Emperor was standing anxious to catch sight of his Royal guests. The cheers of the spectators rose again and again into the air as the noble ship advanced; the

bands stationed at intervals successively struck up a national air; and the Imperial carriages drew up immediately opposite the tent. It was obvious that the gilt chairs upon the raised ground under the tent were not to be used—that the breakfast at the *Pavillon Hotel* had been countermanded or abandoned, and that the illustrious party were bent upon reaching the railway station with as little delay as possible.

No sooner had the trim sailors made a communication between the yacht and the French shore, than the Emperor hastened forward to meet the Queen, saluted her Majesty, and cordially welcomed the Prince and the Royal children, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the immense crowds gathered along the quay and jetties. The scene at this moment was imposing. Forty thousand troops presented arms to the Queen of England as her foot for the first time pressed the French shore; and the Emperor of the most powerful military nation on the face of the earth offered his arm to the Queen of the people who rule upon the ocean.

Their Majesties at once entered the carriages. It was a quarter past two as they started on their rapid progress from the landing-place to the railway station—between two lines of infantry formed by companies of Chasseurs, the Imperial Guard, and the Line. Loud and frequently repeated were the cheers which greeted the progress of the cortège, from the immense concourse of people, consisting of an equal proportion of the subjects of the two Sovereigns. The hotels were covered with flags, and their balconies were filled with elegantly-dressed ladies; and the ships showed the colours of the Allied Powers. Her Majesty appeared to be delighted with the really splendid pageant prepared for her, as she turned from the port, over the bridge, between four imitation marble obelisks, ornamented with devices in gold and flowers, and approached the beautiful triumphal arch erected in front of the inclosure. This arch was seventy-five feet in height. It was not constructed in the usual style of an evergreen wall, studded with dahlias; but consisted of elegant gilt arabesque-work, intermingled with wreaths of flowers, and crowned by a bold figure of Civilisation that, with outstretched arms, held forth her name as a welcome to the Emperor's Royal guests. The base of the arch was marked by a green scroll, upon which the words "Welcome to France!" were inscribed in letters of gold. Above rose the arms of England and France, forming the supports of the great central figure. Around the figure floated the flags of the Allied Powers; below, those of the secondary States of Europe. Shields, streamers, emblazonments, and flowers, scattered plentifully about the lower part of this immense construction, made up a lively effect. Before this arch a squadron of Dragoons and companies of infantry of the Line were posted; and as her Majesty passed under it, taking her leave of the townsfolk who had offered her so memorable a welcome, a tremendous cheer rose into the air. Within the inclosure an amphitheatre of seats, backed by gilt arabesque work, had been raised. These seats were filled by crowds of elegantly-dressed ladies; and opposite them a lawn had been laid out and interspersed with beds of choice flowers—to which one local gardener is said to have contributed no less than 4000 plants. The station itself was hung with spangled velvet. The Royal standard and the tricolor of France floated over the belfry. The initials of the Royal guests shone upon the sides of the entrances. As the carriage containing her Majesty, the illustrious host, and the Prince Consort, drew up before the doorway leading to the first-class waiting-room (which had been splendidly fitted up with velvet hangings, spangled with golden emblems of the Allied nations), the crowd of ladies and gentlemen assembled on each side rose, and formed a wide passage direct from the entrance to the railway platform. The people gave a final and a lusty cheer, as her Majesty entered the station, leaning upon the arm of the Emperor. The faces of both host and guest were radiant with smiles as they crossed the platform, bowing to the people assembled on either side. They were evidently delighted with the reception they had just met. His Majesty at once assisted her Majesty into the splendid state carriage; while the Prince Albert turned to Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, and entered into conversation with him. Judging from the pleasure painted upon the Marshal's face, and from the low bows he continually made as the Prince addressed him, he was receiving through his Royal Highness the Queen's acknowledgments for this wonderful picture of an admirably disciplined army, which he had so effectively disposed along the heights of Boulogne. These civilities having been interchanged, the Emperor invited the Prince of Wales to enter the carriage, which the latter did with all the careless activity of a schoolboy. The Princess Royal had immediately followed the Queen. And now came a repetition of those courteous attempts to give the *pas* which charmed the people of Boulogne when Prince Albert visited Boulogne last year. The Emperor, as on the above occasion, insisted that his guest should take precedence; whereupon the Prince skipped lightly into the carriage, and was as nimbly followed by his gracious host. Then the stalwart footmen of the Imperial household scrambled into the carriages behind; a few parcels were hastily stowed away; the military band struck up "*Partant pour la Syrie*," and the Imperial train started off on its way to Paris.

[The continuation of the narrative, by our own Correspondent, will be found among our later intelligence.]

THE IMPERIAL CENT GARDES.

(See Illustration, page 241.)

This magnificent corps of men—consisting, as its name implies, of one hundred—is the select body-guard of the Emperor of the French, and were displayed to great advantage in the great State ceremonies of the Royal Visit to Paris during the past week. There is much in their uniform and general appearance which is exceedingly fine and imposing. They are carefully selected from among the non-commissioned officers of the other regiments in the service, not merely on account of their height and personal appearance, but for their steadiness, intelligence, and good conduct. Appointed to the Cent Gardes, the men who are so fortunate as to be selected rank the same as lieutenants in the army, and receive the salutes due to other officers of the army. The commandant of the corps takes rank as colonel, and the next officer below him that of lieutenant-colonel in the army. The undress uniform of the men is a light blue frock-coat reaching down to the knees, with gold aiguillettes, crimson trousers with gold or lace stripes; a black leather belt and sword, and cocked hat. Most of the men are of fine figure, few, if any, under six feet in height; and their dress is faultless in its fit. When mounted, the men wear a light blue tunic with crimson facings, a cuirass, and bright silvery-looking helmet, profusely decorated with gold, and carrying a kind of double red and white feather. The epaulettes are gold, and fringe gold mixed with crimson silk, the effect of which is remarkably fine. The breeches are white leather, and the boots similar to those of the Horse Guards. The saddle-cloth is crimson, richly embroidered in gold. The horses, like the men, are a very select body, and are groomed by the servants of the men. As a crack body for parade, they are unequalled in appearance in any country.

The tariff for seats to see the procession ranged from two francs (1s. 8d.) to 300 francs (£12). As early as three o'clock people were taking their places, where they deliberately made up their minds to remain for many hours, awaiting the spectacle. In the Boulevard de Strasbourg 5s. was the very least sum charged for a tolerable seat on a back-row bench. But there were places very far retired indeed, and more favourable to the exercise of the imagination than of sight, which were let as low as 2s. Further along the line, on the Boulevards proper, good places fetched 15s., 20s., and 25s. Many shop-windows were let for 250s. and 300s. A speculator paid 3600s. for the balcony of the Café du Grand Balcon. The *Maison Dorée* would not admit parties to dine in a private room fronting the Boulevard (and these rooms, or cabinets, as they are called, are of infinitesimal proportions) except on condition that the dinner was to cost at least 300s.

DURING the visit which the Queen made to the Palace des Beaux Arts on Monday, the youth and graceful bearing of the Princess Royal was a theme of general admiration, both outside and inside the building. A common-looking woman in a cap and blue apron, standing on her doorstep, was overheard saying to a neighbour—"Avez vous vu la petite Princess? Est elle gentille et gracieuse!"

THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

[The following appeared only in a portion of our impression of Saturday last.]

THROUGH the kindness of his Majesty the Emperor—who has graciously thrown open all the private apartments of the Tuilleries, St. Cloud, Versailles, and the Trianon for our inspection—your Special Correspondent, aided by your Artists, is enabled to present to your readers authentic and exclusive details on the important visit which, by the time these lines see the light, will be in course of inauguration.

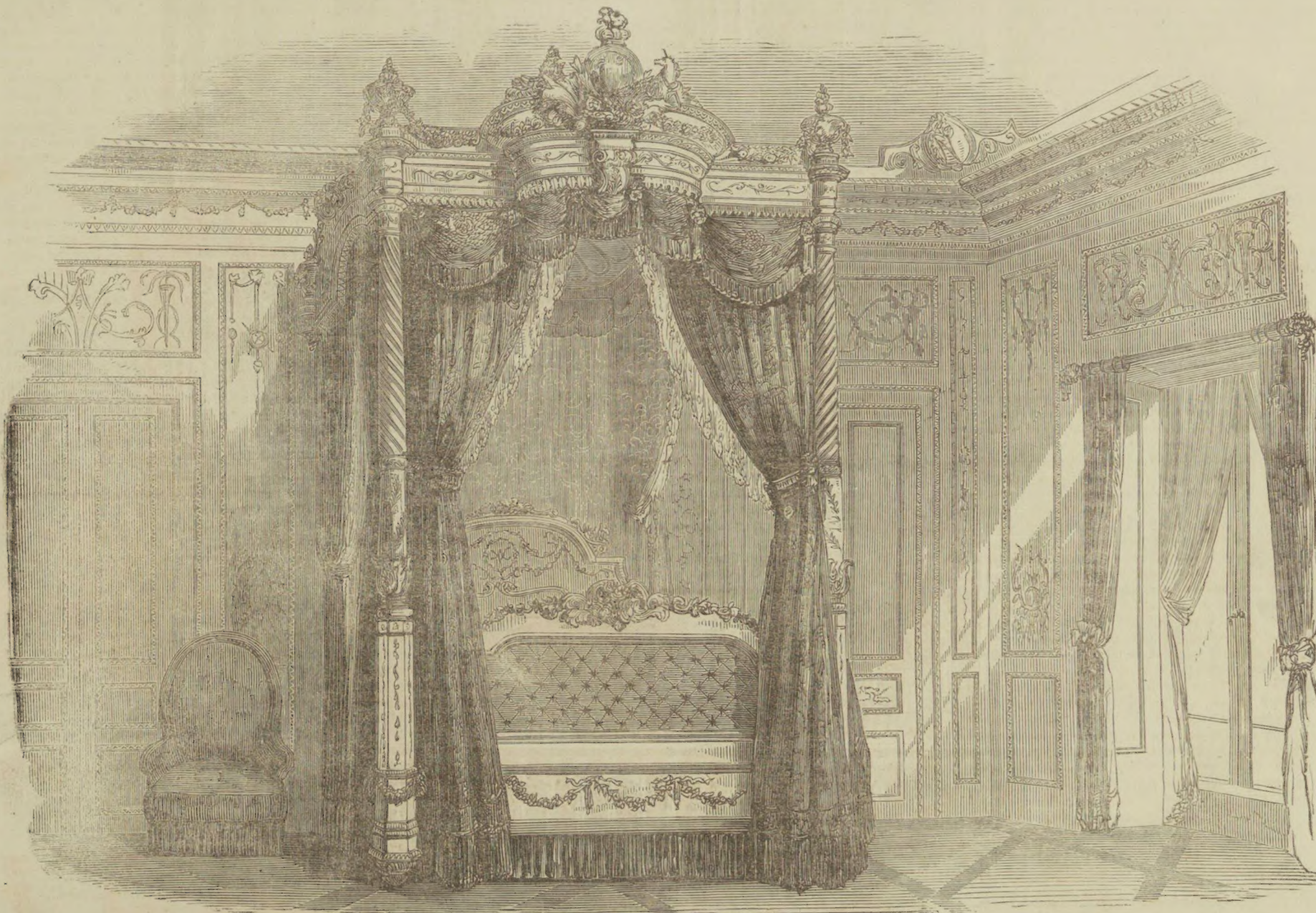
At St. Cloud the preparations for the reception of the English Court have been carried on with remarkable activity. I have spent two days of this week in the château, inspecting—under the obliging auspices of the Governor, Colonel Thierry—the theatre, of which your artist has made a sketch, and where Ristori is to exhibit her passionate tragedy. Here also is the splendid suite of private apartments destined to receive our Queen and Court. These rooms occupy the wing of the château which was fitted up for a Queen whose unhappy fate, whose sacred misfortunes, will stand in wondrous contrast with the happy reign of the Royal lady now about to occupy them. On entering these apartments from the private staircase, beautifully decorated with bass-reliefs of the time of Louis XV., the visitor turns to the left, and reaches the antechamber to Prince Albert's private apartments. This antechamber is a beautiful room, the walls of which are of various rich marbles tastefully intermingled. Advancing from this room, the visitor enters the Prince's salon, a beautifully furnished apartment, the walls of which are enriched by splendid paintings. Upon the mantelpiece I noticed a beautiful clock by Gille l'Ainé, the design of which, finely executed, is supported by a massive bronze bull. Beyond the Prince's salon is his bed-room, hung with rich Lyons silk, worth a hundred francs per mètre. Here, as in the rest of the private apartments, Faustin Besson, the painter

of the private rooms of the Empress, has been busy filling in the panels with some of his sprightly and tasteful sketches. Beyond the Prince's bed-room is his dressing-room. It is fitted up with light green hangings, which pleasantly harmonise with the white walls, relieved by the beautiful gilt wood-carvings executed when this same room was the boudoir of poor Marie Antoinette. Beyond the Prince's dressing-room, and forming an angle of the château, is the Queen's state bed-room. The walls of this beautiful apartment are white and gold—the gold work being upon exquisitely manipulated wood-carvings. Here the state bed is, of course, the principal object. Your artist can do more in the way of description of this wonderful piece of furniture than any words. I may, however, state that the skeleton of the bed is in white and gold; the outer curtains being of rich pale green silk, and the inner curtains pink, covered with muslin. The Royal initials and arms are worked into the decorations with excellent effect. The furniture is of green and gold.

Beyond the state bed-room, and between it and the Queen's boudoir, is a bath-room, hung with pink watered silk, covered with lace or muslin. The effect of this little apartment is charming. Beyond it lies the Queen's boudoir, the walls of which resemble those of the state bed-room and the Prince's dressing-room, and belong, as I have already remarked, to the time of Louis XVI. The hangings, of blue, are exquisitely tasteful; and here are two cabinets, recently finished, which are masterpieces of the modern art-workmanship of Paris. Here are, also, some splendid vases. Beyond the boudoir is her Majesty's study, a fine apartment, ornamented with pictures by Terburg, &c. Next the study is the Queen's salon, to be engraved next week. Beyond her Majesty's private drawing-room are the apartments of the ladies and gentlemen in attendance. These rooms are splendidly furnished, and enriched with choice specimens of Rubens, Vandyke, Andrea del Sarto, Domenichino, Lebrun, Boucher, &c. These rooms close the splendid suite of private apartments prepared, under the daily personal superintendence of the

Emperor, for her Majesty the Queen. All that the wealth of the Louvre, the skill of modern art, the power of the loom, the improvements and contrivances of science, could furnish towards the elaboration of a residence, perfect in every particular, may be said to be present here. Every minor point has been studied to the utmost by the Imperial host; in proof of which I may mention the fact, that when I was at the château on the 11th his Majesty had left for Paris, in order to purchase a picture at the Universal Exhibition, fit to be a companion picture to one already placed. From the windows of these splendid rooms a beautiful view of immense extent is obtained, with the richly flowered private gardens underneath, for a foreground. Hence also the Queen may see, at the summit of the slope, the lighthouse built by the first Napoleon, which used to be lighted whenever he slept at the château.

I may inform your readers, on authority, that the wonderful fête of Versailles will not take place before Saturday the 25th instant. At Versailles the preparations are being carried on most vigorously. The Salle des Glaces is being hung with chandeliers; platforms for orchestras are being raised in its four corners; and the theatre is in the hands of the Opera decorators, to be prepared for the supper, which is to be served at a number of tables, each table receiving twelve persons. Here dressing-rooms for the Imperial host and hostess and the Royal guests are being fitted up. At the Trianon, also, there are a few preparations; for on Tuesday next, at twelve o'clock, the Queen will reach the beautiful gardens associated with the name of Marie Antoinette, and wander here past the poor Queen's abandoned boudoir, to the Swiss cottage on the borders of the lake, where the illustrious party will breakfast. The illuminations before the front of the Palace will include a beautiful representation of Windsor Castle; and the fireworks—to be arranged on a grand scale—are to be beyond the lake, at the extremity of the Salle des Glaces, whence they will be observed by the French and English Courts.



HER MAJESTY'S STATE BED-CHAMBER, IN THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO NOTRE DAME.

THE Royal visit to this sacred edifice formed part of the very interesting proceedings on Monday; when the Queen, the Emperor, Prince Albert, and the rest of the party, after inspecting the Sainte Chapelle, withdrew, and entering their carriages proceeded to the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

The whole population of this quarter appeared to have left their workshops for the occasion, and were massed on each side of the Queen's passage. They saluted her Majesty with the loudest acclamations. On the steps of the Hôtel-Dieu were assembled the holy women belonging to the establishment in their white dresses of the order of St. Augustin. It was a moving sight to behold these ministers of religion and charity, leaving for an instant the sick pillows of their patients to take part in the great event of the Queen of England's visit, and the mind involuntarily referred to their sisters in the Crimea, attending without any personal thought the sufferers from the evils of war.

The Queen was received at the grand portal of Notre Dame by the Archbishop of Paris and his clergy. After having saluted her Majesty, the Archbishop expressed his gratification at seeing her, and assured her that his clergy and himself called down on her the blessings of Heaven. Her Majesty then entered the church, and was evidently struck with the solemn beauty of the noble building, and seemed almost unwilling to quit it. We have devoted a page to the illustration of the stupendous fabric of Notre Dame, which is especially interesting on account of the many restorations recently made in the structure.

Few of the historic edifices of Europe are so rich in eventful story as the Cathedral of Notre Dame, in the most ancient part of the city of Paris; its oldest edifice—and its architecture dating from the commencement of the eleventh to the middle of the thirteenth century. It may be considered as among the boldest and the most successful existing specimens of Gothic architecture. The west front, the portion illustrated by our Artist, was finished by Bishop Maurice de Sully, in 1223, during the reign of Philip Augustus. This is at once the finest and most remarkable feature. Three ample

portals lead into the nave and aisles. Each forms a series of retiring arches, with angels, saints, &c., in the intermediate mouldings. The portals are bisected by square pillars; that of the central one was removed on Jan. 1, 1852, on the occasion of the thanksgivings for the renewal of the President's powers, but has since been replaced. The tympana of the three ogives are richly sculptured. The same style exists in all three portals, and also those of the transepts; the central portion of the western front was spoiled by Soufflot, in 1760, who formed it into a pointed arch; but it has just been restored to its original form, according to the designs of it, which were preserved. The subjects of the sculpture which adorn these portals, are vividly treated in Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," wherein the stupendous fabric is sketched in one of the most picturesque specimens of descriptive writing extant.

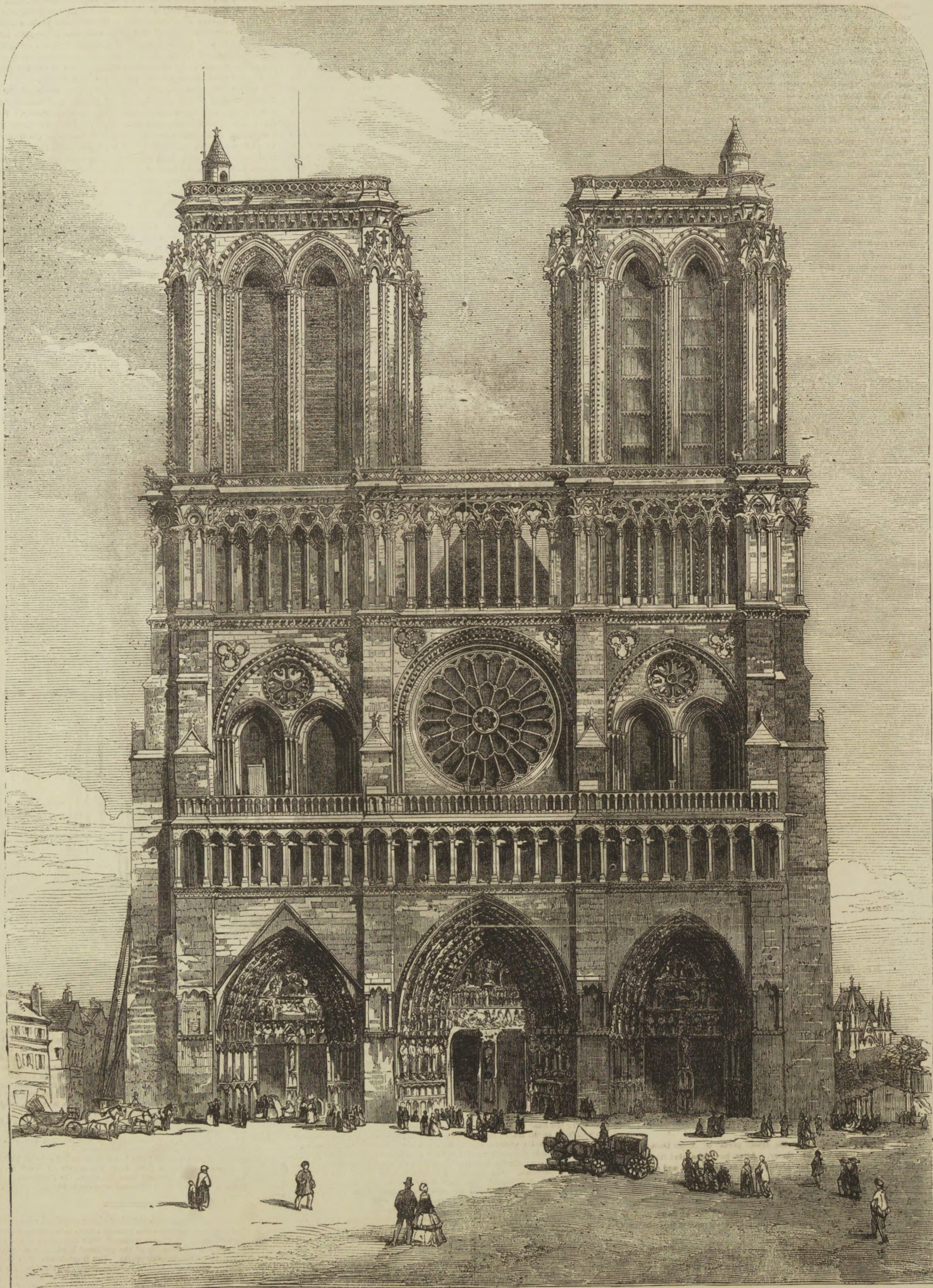
The ogive of the middle doorway represents the Last Judgment, in three parts. Among the sculptures of the arch are figures of Moses and Aaron; the Saviour treading beneath his feet the wicked, whom Satan is dragging to hell; the rider on the red horse, at the opening of the second seal; the blessedness of the saints, &c. The sides of this entrance have twenty-four bas-reliefs: twelve virtues, and as many vices. Beyond these are four other bas-reliefs, illustrations of the lives of Abraham and Job. On the doors are carved: Christ bearing his cross, and the Virgin as the veiled mother of sorrows. The statues of the twelve Apostles, which filled the niches of this portal, and were destroyed in the Revolution, in 1793, have just been replaced by new ones, copied from the original drawings; the Patriarchs and Kings of the Old Testament, that adorned the other two portals, were also replaced. We have not space to detail the several Scriptural sculptures which adorn this front. Among the most interesting are bas-reliefs of the twelve Signs of the Zodiac; the agricultural labours of the twelve months of the year; and the Life of Man in six stages, from youth to decrepitude. The two lateral doors are ornamented with much admired iron-work, executed by Biscornette, about 1580. The battresses on each side of the doors have each a niche, in which were statues of Religion, Faith, St. Denis, and St. Stephen. Immediately above the three doors is a gallery of small pillars, supporting trefoils, called the Galerie des Rois, which formerly contained twenty-eight statues of the Kings of Judah, ancestors of the Virgin. All these—executed in the thirteenth century—were destroyed in 1793, but are to be replaced. A second, but open, gallery is called Galerie de la Vierge, from having formerly had a colossal

statue of the Virgin. Above this gallery is the large rose-window between the towers; and in each of the latter are pointed arches, over which runs a lofty gallery of slender shafts, called the Galerie des Colonnes, and continued round the sides; above rises the last division of the towers, each side occupied with coupled windows, and rich buttresses at the angles crowned by an open-work battlement of quatrefoils. They are ascended by a staircase of 389 steps from the Rue du Cloître. The Cathedral formerly possessed a fine peal of bells, of which one only remains, in the southern tower; it was baptised Emmanuel-Louise-Thérèse, in 1632, in the presence of Louis XIV. and his Queen Thérèse. It is called the *bourdon*, weighs 32,000 lb., and the clapper 976 lb. The other bell, named Marie, weighing 25,000 lb., was broken and melted down in 1792, as were eight bells of the northern tower. In the latter tower three bells for the clock were placed in 1812; they are now in the southern one, and their place in the northern tower is to be occupied by a new bell, weighing 64,000 lb. The mechanism of the clock is very curious.

The towers of Notre Dame afford one of the finest views of Paris that can be imagined; and the Cathedral is much visited for the enjoyment of this imposing scene. The height of the western tower is 204 feet, or about the height of the London Monument.

In Stanford's "New Guide to Paris" (a well-compiled volume, just published) the panoramic view of Paris from the towers of Notre Dame is described as inferior to the prospect from the top of the Pantheon. This volume, by the way, contains an excellent account of the Universal Exhibition.

The whole of Paris seemed suddenly to have acquired a knowledge of the English language, for there was scarcely a shop in which the passer-by was not informed that "English is spoken." This notice of the possession of the vernacular was occasionally of the quaintest kind, or ambiguously worded as the *dicta* of the Delphic oracle. The Englishman who has got through the elements of the tongue may guess its meaning by the help of the corresponding translation in French. But it was not rare to see new arrivals horribly puzzled when they saw on the windows of an eating-house in one of the back streets such notices as this:—"Bisticks, Rosbiff—English spoken, et cuit à point." Or, again, in a Magasin de Modes, "Dentelles et blouses—English spoken, avec de broderies superbes." Or, again, "Drap bon marché, presque pour rien—English spoken, à 4 francs la mètre." Or "Bon Vin—English spoken, a 75 centimes le litre, &c.



SCENES IN PARIS.—THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.